VOL. CCXI, No. 2756

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THE SPHERE, DECEMBER 6, 1952
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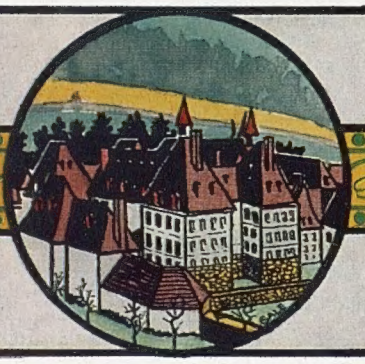

In 1903 the Monks were expelled and took refuge in Spain. They returned to the Monastery of La Grande Chartreuse in 1940 to continue in France the manufacture of their famous liqueurs.

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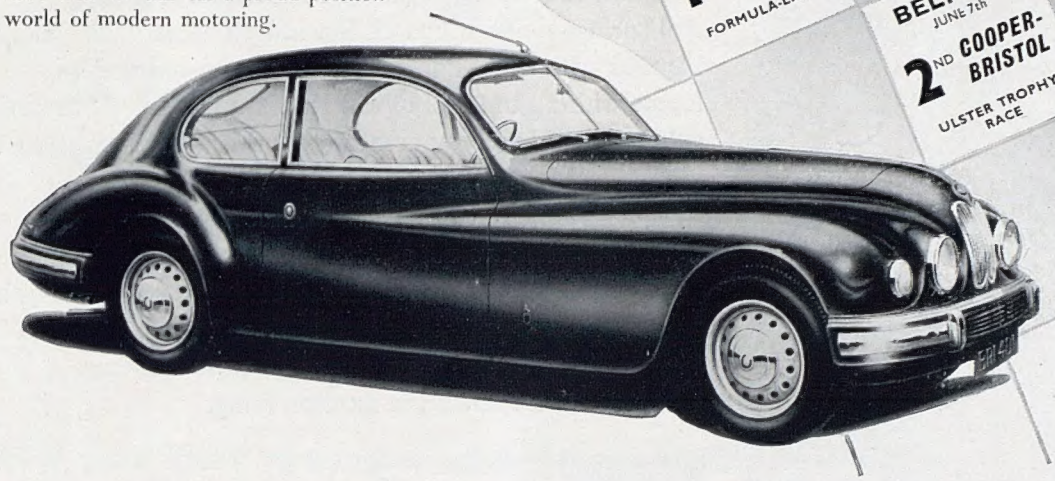

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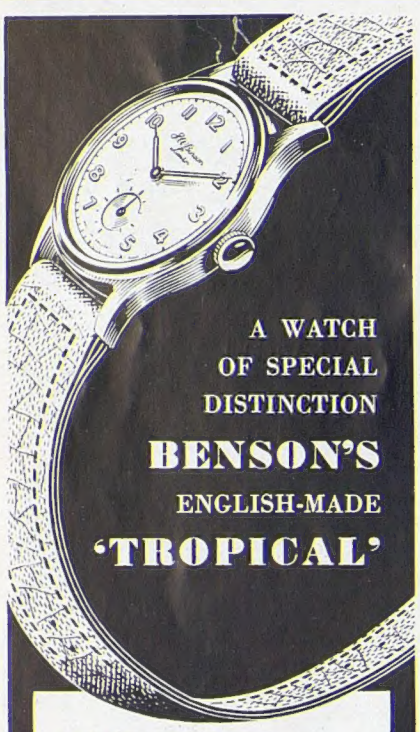

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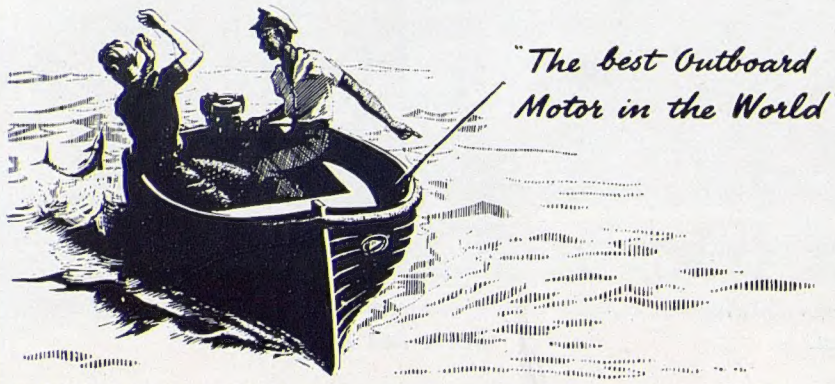

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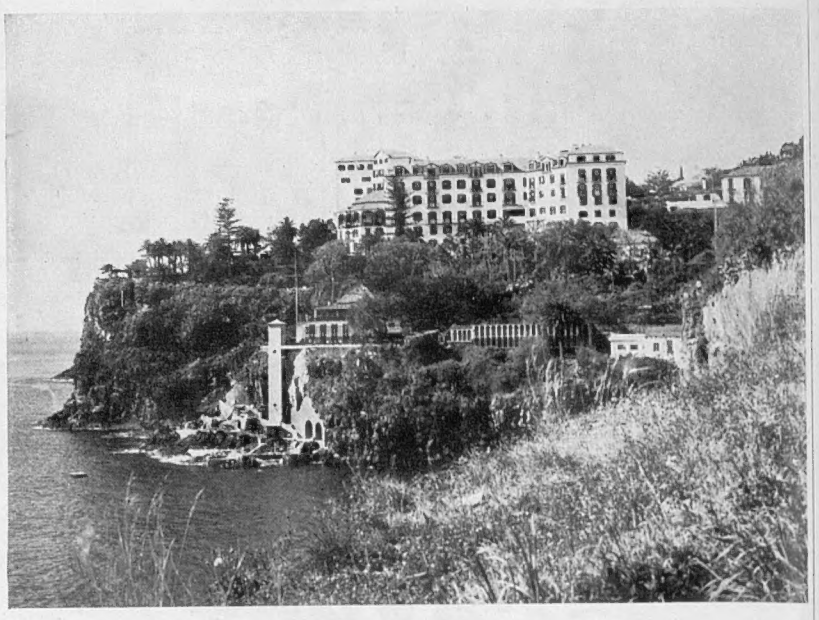

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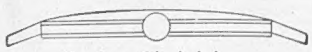

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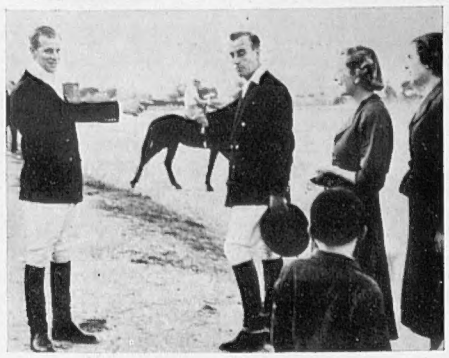
* 168 FIRST OBSERVATORY AWARDS

Volume CCXI No. 2756 The SPHERE, London, December 6, 1952

The SPHERE with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

THE "TWO DUKES" IN MALTA—HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE OF EDINBURGH IS MET BY HIS UNCLE, ADMIRAL EARL MOUNTBATTEN OF BURMA, C.-IN.C. OF THE MEDITERRANEAN FLEET, ON ARRIVAL BY AIR FROM LONDON: The Duke has been visiting Malta to present the Queen's and Regimental Colours to three units of the Third Commando Brigade. *Below on left*—This incident took place on the polo ground at Malta. The little boy in the foreground, Peter Morley, had asked Prince Philip, "Are you a Duke?" Prince Philip replied: "Yes, I am," and then, pointing to Earl Mountbatten, said, "and here is another." Lady Mountbatten and Lady Brabourne are seen looking on, much entertained by the conversation. The Duke flew to Malta in one of the Elizabethan airliners. Air Commodore Sir Edward Fielden, Captain of the Queen's flight, accompanied the Duke.



On November 29 the Duke of Edinburgh presented new Colours in Malta to the 40th, 42nd and 45th Commandos of the Royal Marines, these being the first colours held by the Corps to bear the Royal cypher of Queen Elizabeth II. Before the inspection the Duke, who was accompanied by Lord Mountbatten, inspected the Commando ranks and bands. On the afternoon of the presentation of Colours the Duke played for the Shrimps, captained by Lord Mountbatten, in a polo tournament final for the Prince Louis Cup. The team narrowly lost to the Gunners. It was after this match that the amusing incident depicted herewith took place. While in Malta the Duke also inspected the ship's company of the carrier *Ocean* and representatives of the Mediterranean Fleet—2,000 strong—on the *Ocean's* flight deck. The carrier had only just returned from Korean waters.

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The SPHERE with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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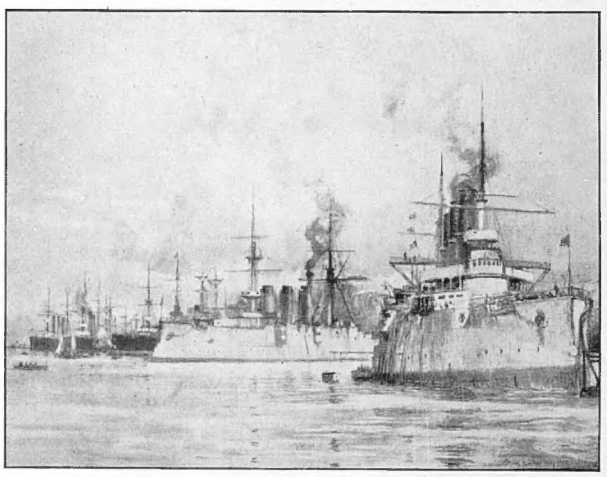
FROM "THE SPHERE" OF 50 YEARS AGO



THE VISIT OF THE RUSSIAN SQUADRON TO ENGLAND: This was the scene at Portland at the end of November 1902, shortly after the Russian squadron of six vessels had arrived on a visit to this country. The fleet was commanded by Rear-Admiral Baron Spackelberg, flying his flag in the 12,700-ton battleship *Retzivan* (extreme right). The other vessels seen in this picture, drawn by Charles Wyllie, are from left: *Pallada*, *Boyarin*, *Bogatyr* and *Pobieda*.

NOTICE TO CONTRIBUTORS

Drawings.—*The Art Editor will be pleased to consider artists' specimens and has an especial interest in architectural, shipping, aeronautical, industrial and scientific subjects. It is essential that contributors have a high standard of technical accuracy, as well as of artistic merit. Artists should make an appointment with the Art Editor before submitting their work, or should write to him giving a brief description of its scope if they wish to send specimens through the post. All work should bear a short description and the name and address of the contributor, together with stamps for its return through the post should this be necessary. It is essential that the copyright of all drawings is at the disposal of the owner, as* THE SPHERE *generally publishes the work only after obtaining all rights.*

Photography.—*Topical photographs of news events and of personalities in the news will always be considered. It is absolutely essential that these are fully and accurately captioned. Negatives will not be considered and photoprints should be at least* 8 *ins. by* 6 *ins. The copyright of such pictures must be at the disposal of the sender, postage included for those sent by mail.*

Manuscripts.—*Articles and Synopses should always be sent direct to the Editor and, if possible, accompanied with illustrations and photographs. In each case the pictures should be adequately captioned. Articles are required on all subjects relating to the news of the day, ranging in length from* 750 *words to* 2,000 *words.*

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

BACK-STAGE AT THE CIRCUS

By ANTONY HIPPISLEY COXE

With Photographs and Graphic Illustrations of Famous Acts

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

The Last Hope?—Once more M. Vyshinsky intervened in the U.N. Assembly to scotch the faint hopes of peace in Korea and the world. The time of his intervention was a surprise, the nature of it less surprising than painful. There were the usual taunts and bitter charges unsupported by evidence, but Vyshinsky's "No" was this time based on "strict adherence to the Geneva Convention." When men suffer a sharp disappointment or a heavy blow, they are apt to clutch at a straw. They tell themselves that one misfortune minimises some lesser misfortune. So it was that the Western delegates felt positive relief that the rift between Britain and America over the Indian formula had ceased to "matter." We clutch at straws. No doubt another solution will be sought, hoping against hope, but *this* straw will not support a heavyweight drowning man. For if Eisenhower and the Americans on the spot should now reach the conclusion that the Communists will not accept peace in Korea at any diplomatic price, it remains possible that the fearful expedient of enlarging the area of conflict and bringing new and more fearful weapons of destruction to bear in Chinese Communist territory may seem to those on the spot the last hope left of bringing the enemy to their senses by sheer force. And if that should be put forward, the rift between Britain and America must surely increase in significance and breed new and deeper rifts between nation and nation and between political parties here and in America and elsewhere. It has not come to that; it may never do so. The Assembly remains in session and all hope is not officially buried. Mr. Eden came home optimistic of the Indian formula being approved by all save the Russian bloc and becoming a basis for a later settlement. But the U.N. in its sickness has received a staggering new jolt, and many a supporter must be turning his mind to that new (and old) substitute for League of Nations and U.N.O.—a league of nations of goodwill only, united to resist the enemies of sense, sanity and conciliation.

Commonwealth in Conclave.—The Commonwealth Conference, in session still at the time of writing, has been hailed as of supreme importance for itself and for the world. Its aim is not to concentrate in a ring fence, but to expand over the earth's face the exchange of goods and services, to rebuild and encourage world trade. Twenty years ago such an Empire Conference was held at Ottawa and its results were acclaimed as highly successful in doing that very thing and reducing unemployment. The men who sat round the table at Ottawa then were not all wizards or supermen, nor are they to-day. The conditions in the world then and now have certain parallels but are by no means broadly similar. Far more urgent to-day with each and every Commonwealth delegate, who must perforce drive hard bargains for his country's sake while seeing the vast problem whole. If anything valuable and lasting is to come of the Conference, each must make, with faith in the future, surrenders of national aims and sovereignty. Each and all must gamble in futures. But in this Commonwealth of ours lie rich, untapped, unminted resources, to justify so frightful a gamble. We gamble with a safe backing, if we can tide over the years between the sowing of the virgin soil and the reaping of the bumper harvest. But none but brave men with big minds will leap that broad and frightful chasm.

Peterkin and Bevanism.—When the excitement of the Bevanite revolt was at its height before Morecambe, I ventured an ignorant prophecy that things might reveal no startling change in the Parliamentary leadership of the Socialist Party when the shouting died. The old leaders are still the leaders of the Shadow Cabinet, and I wonder whether they would not have so remained without the ballot precautions which they evolved to make assurance surer. I am inclined to think it might have been so. There was at Morecambe, and usually is at Labour Party Conferences, a lighthearted go-as-you-please which is a negation of constructive statesmanship, and suggests rather a practice of massed bands all playing their own signature tunes and delighting in the noise of the trumpets and the bang of the drums. The Parliamentary Labour Party meetings are held under the shadow of Big Ben, which induces a soberer and cooler judgment, and men are judged on solid worth and achievement and on their fitness to be sound "opposite numbers" to the Cabinet in power. In a word, under Big Ben, politics get down to brass-tacks. Under the big tower the dignity of Parliament insists on the conventional qualities of statesmanship which every party learns to rely on. You must pick your key men on proven merit. But in the recent ballot cool judgment dealt faithfully enough with the wobblers and the half-hearted, hitting them for six, and I fancy the result correctly listed the seeded players in the party for a year to come. Mr. Bevan and his supporters certainly had an unexpected setback, but the unity and concord of the party may not have been improved by Mr. Attlee's ballot precautions, which now seem to have been unnecessary and "not cricket." But little Peterkin's oratorical question remains unanswered. Time will show.

"Don't be Vague . . ."—Haig's private papers have been well received, attacked, defended and discussed. Interesting they certainly are. I agree with some and dissent from others of the expressed opinions of the book, the man and his nature. Lord Norwich, his biographer and firmest friend of France, described his diary as frank and fearless and his estimates as generous and just. In French military circles there is a very bitter contrary opinion, with a hint thrown out that some of his judgments of their Army *must* be bogus. They thought him, at any rate, a great gentleman, if not a great soldier, and they could not be expected to enjoy his judgments of their military prowess and strategy in the Kaiser's war. They call the publication regrettable, and it is certainly worth considering whether such contentions and frank opinions concerning politics and personalities in a still bitterly contentious period should be released within fifty years. It is certainly no time for stirring up more bitterness and suspicion in France to-day against any other European nation in this ticklish phase of European defence. Some critics said that few men have ever enhanced their reputations or maintained them after the acid test of publishing their private letters and diaries. Some certainly have done so. How does Haig emerge from the test? General and just, says Lord Norwich. General Horrocks agrees, with reservations. Haig said some hard things of Lloyd-George, but a "perfect gentleman" dislikes intrigues beyond all things, and Lloyd-George, in his underhand treatment of Haig, deserved what he got from Haig.

Twenty Years Too Soon.—Was Haig disloyal to his chief, French? Soldiers' morality under this head is usually stricter than civilian. It was time for French to go, and, indeed, time for all leaders chiefly concerned in the well-being of the Army and the Alliance to push him out. But Haig detested civilian intrigue and certainly went beyond the military code in that unpleasant duty. Haig's private papers show him to have been not so "dumb" in private as on public occasions; a man lacking perhaps in imagination and sensitiveness, but a pretty shrewd judge of men and affairs. People do not read memoirs or private letters and diaries for their own learning. They read them for recreation, sometimes for sensation.

AUTUMN TURNS TO WINTER IN A LONDON PARK

WINTER COMES TO LONDON AND THE DUCKS IN ST. JAMES'S PARK WELCOME THE TIT-BITS THROWN BY TWO YOUNG ADMIRERS: This was the scene in the heart of London during last week's spell of very wintry weather, when the lake in St. James's Park was frozen over and two young children went to feed the ducks with tit-bits from their own tables. On the left is David Bell, aged sixteen months, and on the right Jane Edwards, aged two, of Adelphi, London. Heavy snow fell in most of Southern England last week and in many parts of the west roads were impassable; at the same time cold easterly winds covered nearly all parts of Great Britain and Ireland.

Haig's diaries reveal the full horror of the conduct of much of the First World War in a country and a Government divided. It was not bitter lessons learned from the First World War, but the accidents of one acknowledged leader and a universal fear of extinction, which gave us in World War Two unity and, in the main, superb direction and organisation, with economy at least in cannon fodder, if not in finance. But it does not follow certainly that because Haig never wrote down his private thoughts about the holocausts his strategy caused, that he was so insensitive and unimaginative as to be able to keep them out of mind. We could well have waited another twenty years to learn more of Haig's character. As it is, his private papers have sown more dragon's teeth in a dangerous field.

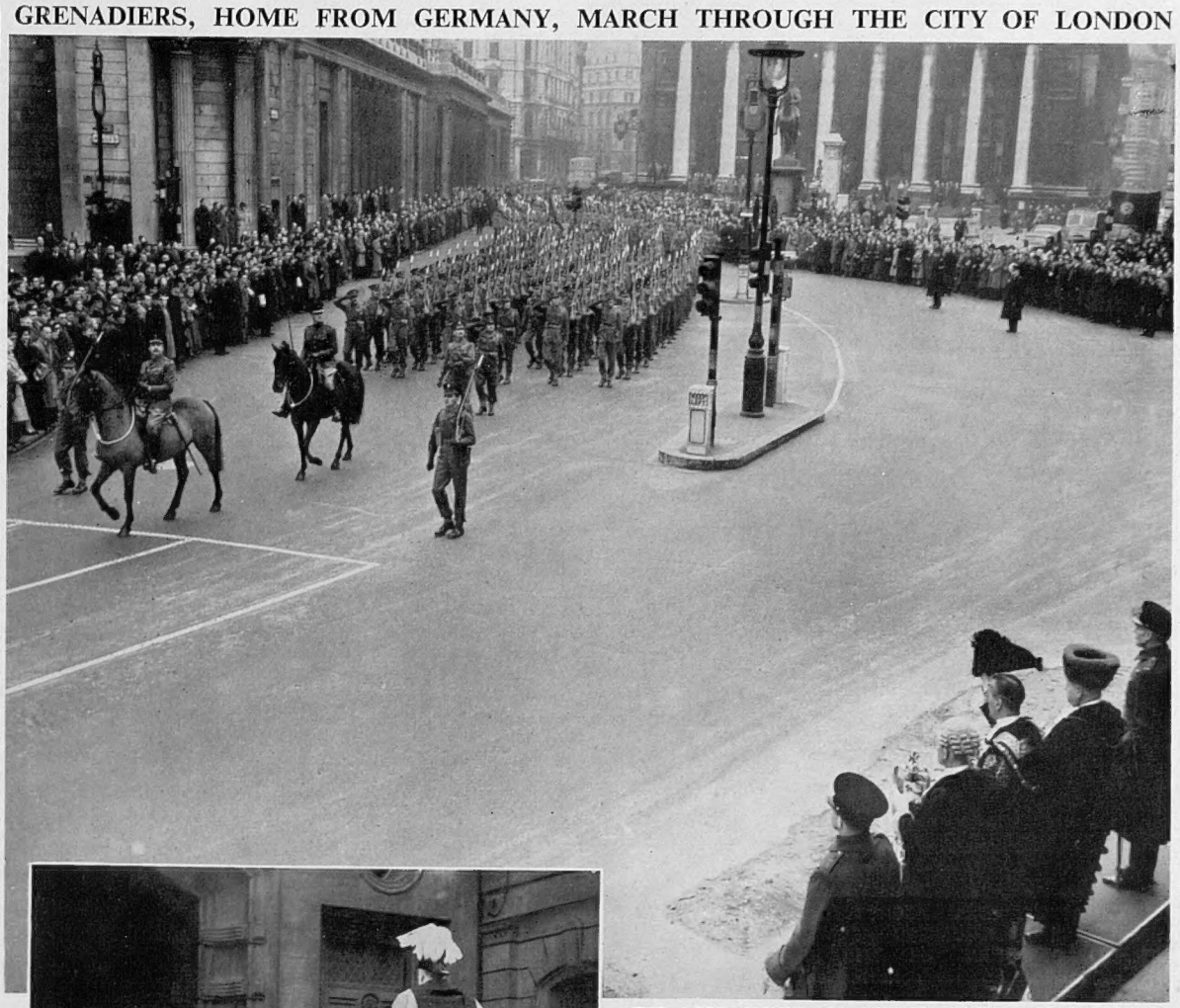
Ultima Thule !—It seems that the traffic Commissioners sitting in Inverness have already granted permission to an omnibus company to run "tours" of sightseers from eight centres to the Castle of Mey, Caithness, which the Queen Mother recently bought for peace and privacy. The County Council of Caithness, torn between two loyalties, came down on the side of their illustrious and beloved new resident and made a mild protest to the Commissioners. Sightseeing tours are good for trade in an outpost county, but they do not make for peace and privacy. Some favour trade, some still prefer privacy. This is a curious example of the price paid by our Royal family for the intense interest which the public to-day takes in their private lives and their comings and goings. That interest is created largely by their own charm and willingness to endure publicity, partly by the non-stop and enormous publicity given to a bare half-dozen royalties in the Press and on the radio. As a result, privacy has become for them a luxury and a rarity difficult to achieve. Probably the *Roi Soleil* enjoyed more of it, albeit a different nobleman was responsible for seeing him into every one of his underclothes. Our Royal family to-day must say their prayers in a peep-show. They cannot attend kirk in a remote Highland parish but dozens of coaches and hundreds of sight-seers from as far away as Glasgow must block the approaches. Their nurseries must be open to photographers and viewed by baby biographers ; there must be "close-ups" of them gardening and exercising their dogs. It must be a heavy price to pay for the possession of charm and grace and good nature, and an illustrious position, to be so very seldom allowed privacy.

O Lords, How Long ?—When we were very young Lord Salisbury's grandfather (I believe) declared that reform of the House of Lords was a matter of urgency. We are old men now and Lord Salisbury, the grandson, last week confirmed the Government's pledge to resume one day an all-party exploration of avenues to that end—where it left off with a very narrow difference of party views. Since our youth, the powers of the Upper House have been greatly reduced, nor does it ask for any restoration. The sole matter for compromise and agreement should be merely a question of for how many months in the last stage of the life of a parliament it should have power to delay a contentious measure in order to give the electorate time to reflect on its effect and to accept or reject it. Lord Samuel very realistically put the points of absurdity in the present composition. There are 880 peers to-day (without the women), and at the present rate of creation there will be 1,000 in a few years. Three-quarters of them—nearly 700—are hereditary. In recent years there have been twenty-five creations from the working classes—25 out of 800 ! If all the 800 were to attend, the institution would collapse. Ours is the only Chamber left in the world which still maintains the medieval principle of heredity. The House of Lords as constituted was (and must be) impregnably and unshakeably Conservative. A curious survival, a museum piece, which manages to struggle along (and, indeed, manfully to tick over) only because nine-tenths of its parts do not work. Not a very economic plant. O Lords, how long ?

Bang Goes Sixpence.—The cost of shooting to-day is certainly "one of those things." In the ever-increasing economic blizzard (the cost of necessities, sports and recreations), "those things" grow in number and weight. It is seldom nowadays that I take part, at least south of the Border, in a day's shooting on a "pre-war" scale. In the South, I regard a hundred head of game as a red-letter day. Not being a landed proprietor with substantial capital, I have not a guess what it costs such a one to rear pheasants to-day on a scale to admit of bags of 400 pheasants first time over. But what with keepers' wages, cost of cartridges and feeding, beaters' wages, and the rest, it must be astronomical. Every time I shoot at a jay or grey squirrel it costs me 7d.—a vicious circle for a game-rearer, since this fact puts so heavy a premium on the first essential of good keepering, the destruction of vermin. The other day I took part in such a "pre-war" shoot, and as the day wore on, I mused a good deal on the cost of a day's shooting in that category—*to the invited guest.* If a party of seven guns secure 350 pheasants and so various, even if all are reasonably good shots, the average expenditure of cartridges per gun (what with cracks at high pigeons, rabbits and various vermin) is like to be about 180. That, with tipping the keeper, means a cost of £5 at least for the day's sport. The same bag under the same conditions pre-wars would have been little over £1 10s. It is sad but true to realise that to-day a man must be rich, as riches go to-day, to accept all his friends' and neighbours' kind invitations to shoot.

THE OLD STAGER

GRENADIERS, HOME FROM GERMANY, MARCH THROUGH THE CITY OF LONDON



"WHO COMES THERE ?" The City Marshal, Colonel J. Hulme Taylor, challenges the battalion C.O., Lieut.-Colonel Charles Earle, at Liverpool Street Station, before the battalion's march through the City of London.

THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON TAKES THE SALUTE AS THE 2ND BATTALION GRENADIER GUARDS MARCH THROUGH THE CITY EN ROUTE TO CHELSEA BARRACKS : The battalion was on its way to the barracks from Liverpool Street Station, having just returned from service in Germany, relieved by the 2nd Battalion Coldstream Guards.

On two occasions last week the Lord Mayor of London, Sir Rupert De la Bère, went out to a platform on the pavement outside the Mansion House to take the salute as battalions of the Guards marched through the City, with Colours flying, drums beating and bayonets fixed. The first detachment to march through was the 2nd Battalion Coldstream Guards, *en route* to Fenchurch Street Station to entrain at the start of their journey to Germany in order to relieve the 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards. A few days later the Grenadiers arrived at Liverpool Street Station and made ready for their march through the City to Chelsea Barracks. At the entrance to the station the City Marshal, in full ceremonial dress, challenged the commanding officer of the battalion, and being satisfied with the reply, wheeled his horse to lead the men through the City.

EXERCISING A PRIVILEGE OF ANCIENT STANDING : The 2nd Battalion Grenadier Guards marching through Broad Street, in the heart of the City, with Colours flying, drums beating and bayonets fixed. As the battalion marched along this street, thronged with spectators, the regimental band at the head of the column played "Rule Britannia."

SEVEN PREMIERS IN LONDON

THE COMMONWEALTH LEADERS FORGATHER FOR THE MOST IMPORTANT CONFERENCE SINCE OTTAWA

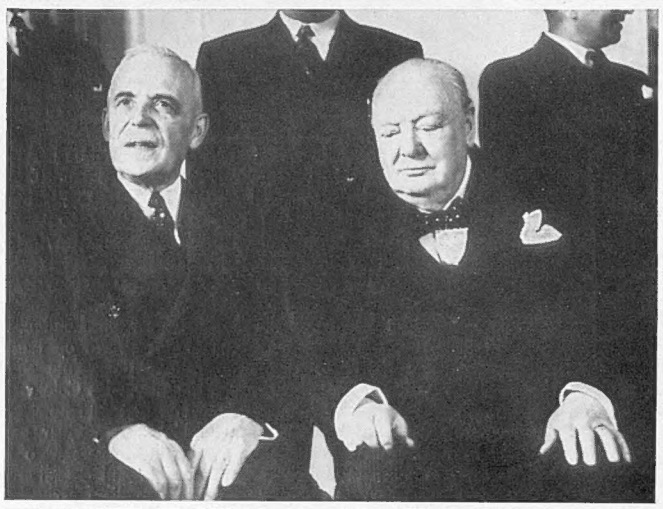
The Commonwealth Economic Conference, which opened in London last week, was called to face the long-term issues confronting the various nations of the Commonwealth. Seven Prime Ministers attended the opening session of the Conference—Mr. Churchill (United Kingdom), Mr. St. Laurent (Canada), Mr. Menzies (Australia), Mr. Holland (New Zealand), Mr. Nazimuddin (Pakistan), Mr. Senanayake (Ceylon) and Sir Godfrey Huggins (Southern Rhodesia). The South African delegation is being led by Mr. Havenga, the Minister of Finance in the Union Government, while Sir C. D. Deshmukh, the Indian Minister of Finance, was the principal representative of the Indian Government.

The Conference is expected to last not more than a fortnight, and the way has been prepared for it by a conference of high officials who have prepared an agenda based on the economic problems and policies of the Commonwealth nations.

After the first meeting, held at No. 10, Downing Street, Mr. Churchill let it be known that some of the meetings would be at No. 10 and some would be held in the conference room of the new Public Offices overlooking King Charles Street, with Mr. Anthony Eden, Deputy Prime Minister of the United Kingdom, taking the chair. From the outset the Conference divided itself into two committees in order to handle the two main groups of subjects, finance and trade, on the one hand, and development and commodity policy on the other.

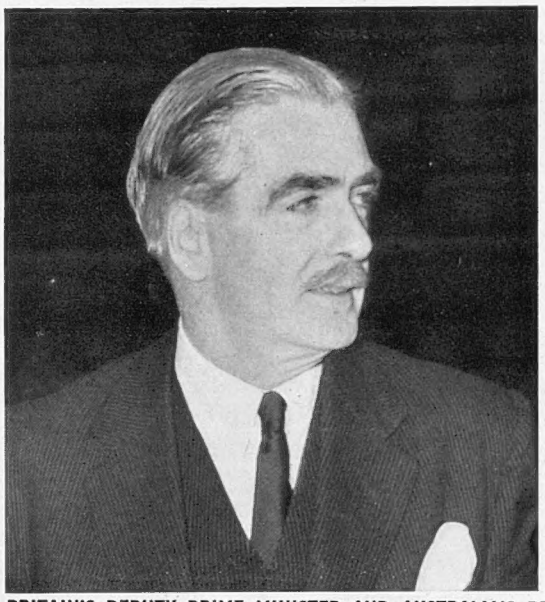
This is the first time since the celebrated Ottawa Conference of 1932 that the economic policies of the Commonwealth have been discussed by such an authoritative gathering, and the presence of so many Prime Ministers in London, of course, means that the Conference is in a far better position to take decisions than any previous meetings in recent years. As one writer has said, the London Conference of 1952, like that of Ottawa in 1932, should leave its mark on the economic history of the next decade. It may well be that it will set the sterling area on the way to permanent recovery.

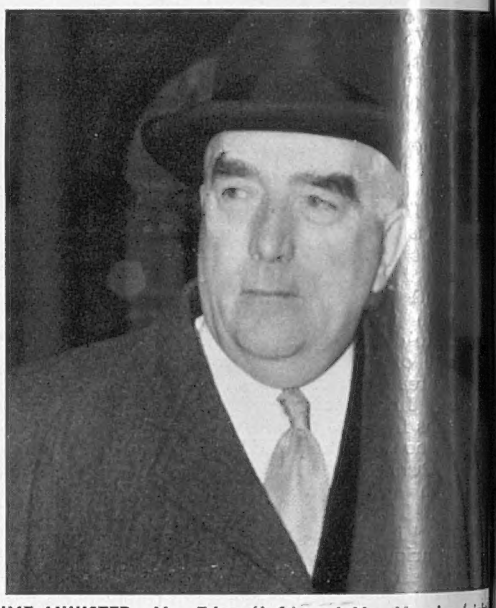
MR. CHURCHILL, ON THE EVE OF HIS 78TH BIRTHDAY, RECEIVES THE PRIME MINISTERS OF THE BRITISH COMMONWEALTH OF NATIONS: Mr. Churchill is giving the signal for the start of the first meeting as he leads the way to the Cabinet Room at No. 10, Downing Street. On the left, Mr. St. Laurent, of Canada (back to the camera), Mr. Menzies, of Australia, and Mr. Nazimuddin of Pakistan are in conversation together. Behind them stands Mr. Whitehead, the Southern Rhodesian Finance Minister.



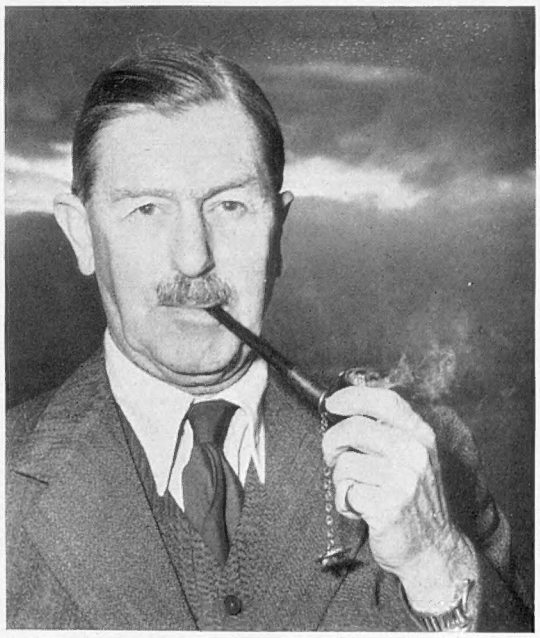
THE PREMIERS OF CANADA AND THE UNITED KINGDOM: Mr. St. Laurent with Mr. Winston Churchill. Because of the dollar shortage, wheat is at present the only food bought by Britain from Canada. It may be that the Conference can alter that situation in the course of its deliberations.

PAKISTAN'S CHIEF REPRESENTATIVE: Mr. Kwahja Nazimuddin, the Prime Minister of Pakistan, with Mr. Ispahani, the Pakistanian High Commissioner. While in England the Premier has visited his old school, Dunstable Grammar School. He left there in 1912 to continue his education in Cambridge.





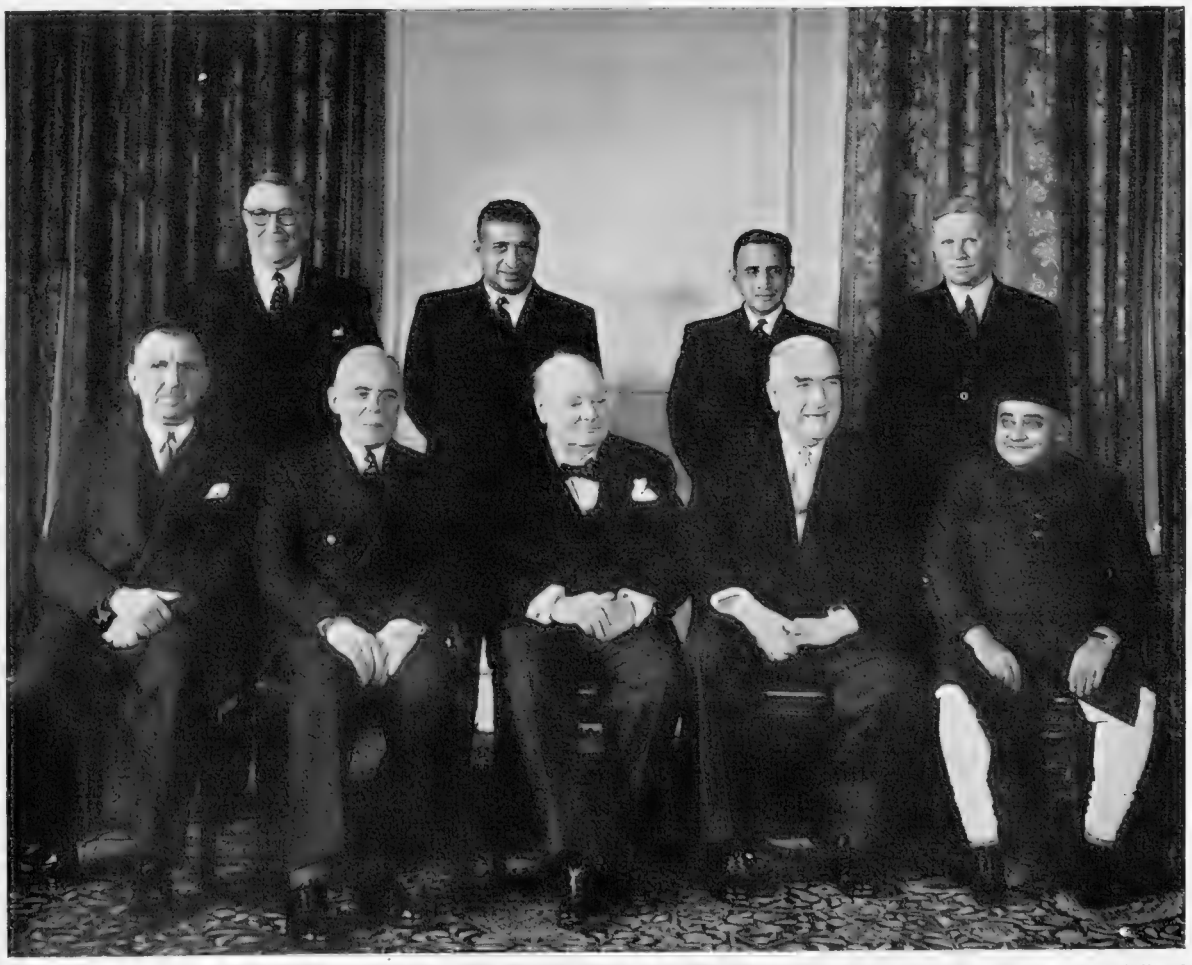
BRITAIN'S DEPUTY PRIME MINISTER AND AUSTRALIA'S PRIME MINISTER: Mr. Eden (*left*) and Mr. Menzies (*right*) flew from the United States in the same plane, but were held up at Gander, owing to engine trouble. Mr. Eden has been leading the British delegation at the General Assembly of the United Nations.



TWO REPRESENTATIVES FROM AFRICA: *Left*—Sir Godfrey Huggins, the Prime Minister of Southern Rhodesia, who may one day lead a Central African Federation, and (*right*) Mr. Havenga, the South African Minister of Finance. Mr. Havenga leads the Union delegation as Dr. Daniel Malan could not come to London.

THE HISTORI[C] SETTING FOR SOME OF THE MEETINGS OF THE COMMONWEALTH CONFERENCE : The Air Council Chamber in the public offices in King Charles Street, where Mr. Eden has be[en] presiding at the meetings of the Commonwealth Conference. The chamber was used for every meeting of the Air Council during the war. Every meeting [b]egan and ended there, with one exception. That was during the heaviest bombardment, when the Council began their meeting as usual, but did not finish it becau[se] of the noise of bombardment. They moved into another room for that day. The first meeting of the present Commonwealth Conference was held at No. 10.

THE PRIME MINISTER OF CEYLON : Mr. D. S. Senanayake is the son of the former Premier of Ceylon, who gave such notable services to the new Dominion.



MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL WITH THE HEADS OF DELEGATIONS IN LONDON : In the front row are seen Mr. Holland (New Zealand), Mr. St. Laurent (Canada), Mr. Churchill, Mr. Menzies (Australia) and Mr. Nazimuddin (Pakistan). Standing behind them are, left to right : Mr. Havenga (South Africa), Mr. Senanayake (Ceylon), Sir C. Deshmukh (India) and Mr. Whitehead (Finance Minister, Southern Rhodesia, deputising pending the arrival of the Premier).

KOREAN BATTLEFRONT

News Pictures from North and Sout of the 38th Parallel as United Nation Troops Enter the Third Winter in Kore

"SEOUL CITIZENS EAGERLY LOOK FORWARD TO THE VISIT OF PRESIDENT EISENHOWER": This was one of many similar slogans on banners carried by 10,000 South Koreans, who gathered in the centre of Seoul to express their approval of the proposed visit by the American President-Elect. The rally was sponsored by the Citizen Committee of the City of Seoul.

About the centre of the crooked battle-line severs the Korean peninsula is a group of rejoicing now in a colourful nomenclature which incl Pike's Peak, Triangle Hill, Sniper Ridge, Jane Ru Hill and Finger Ridge. The peasant who lived t once, and knew them by other and perhaps more lo names, might now doubt his memory if he came to r upon the once familiar landscape, pitted with bomb- shell-holes, scorched by fire and scarred by a networ trenches, tunnels, strong-points and dug-outs.

For among these hills in recent months the most bi fighting of the Korean war has taken place. Both s are confirmed in their belief of the vital strat importance of these points, and neither will cease in t bitter struggle to possess them. Many thousands lives have been lost and no one can now rememb how many times the strongholds have changed hands.

Papa-San is perhaps the only important hill of group which has clung to its native name, and for good reason, for it is the point where Chi Communists are mustered before their attempts the neighbouring hills, where their courage is stimul by mass hysteria and from where their guns can g them deadly support. Papa-San dominates the w front, as Monte Cassino did in Italy.

If anything has been gained from these savage bat it is only the knowledge that a major offensive by ei side would be very costly in human lives, and that the steady and complementary build-up of power both sides the static war has reached a very definite st mate, at least in terms of ground action.

A VIEW OF TRIANGLE HILL IN KOREA, CELEBRATED AS THE SCENE OF SOME OF THE BITTEREST FIGHTING DURING THE PAST MONTHS: On the right, a pall of black smoke rises from a shell-burst. The point showing above the left shoulder of Triangle Hill is called Pike's Peak. It is doubtful whether anyone has kept count of the number of times these positions have changed hands during the present struggle for the best strategic points.

AMERICAN SOLDIERS AT A BATTERED OBSERVATION POST NEAR SNIPER RIDGE, ANOTHER SAVAGELY CONTESTED POSITION IN THE TRIANGLE HILL AREA: In the inconclusive fighting around these points the Chinese have lost 15,000 killed or injured. On the United Nations' side the South Koreans have lost most, but American casualties along the whole front have been reported to be above 1,000 killed and injured each week.

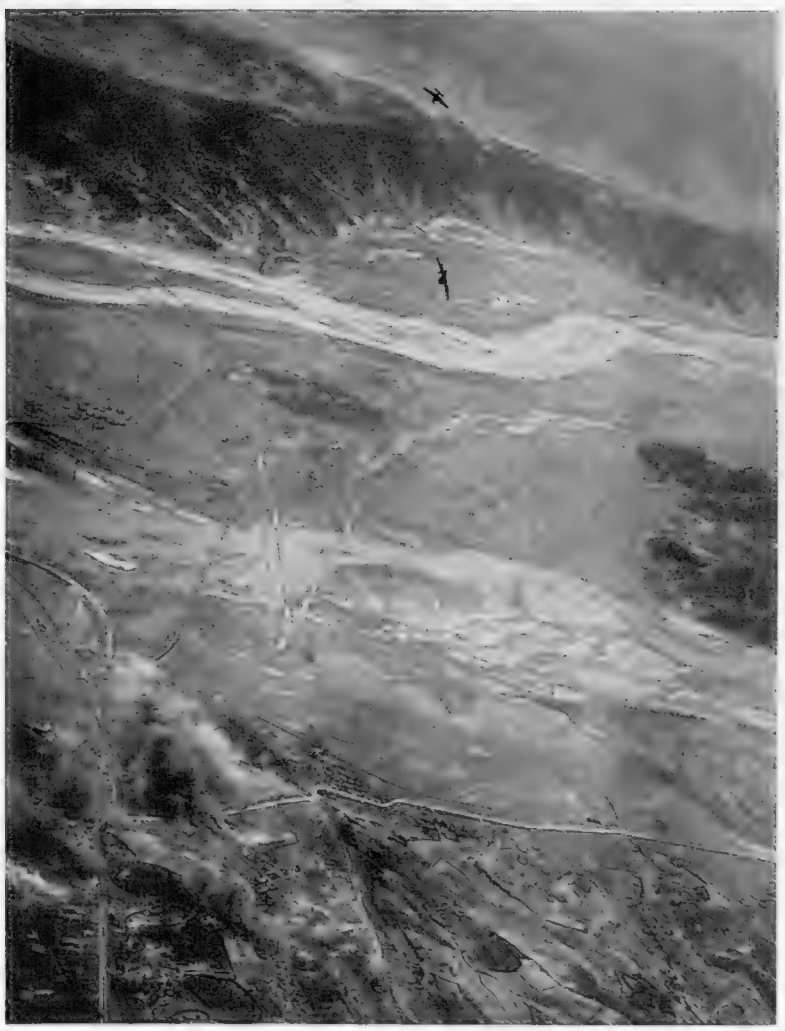
MEN OF THE 1ST BATTALION THE BLACK WATCH SNATCH A BRIEF REST AFTER THEIR RECENT ACTION AGAIN CHINESE COMMUNISTS: The battle took place at a pos known as The Hook, just north of Korangpo-Ri and abo thirty miles north of Seoul on the western flank of the Comm wealth sector. The attack was against a salient near the R Samichon and was the heaviest on the Commonwealth front some months. The 1st Battalion, however, beat back the Co munists, inflicting casualties of 130 killed and many wound During the battle another company of the Black Watch moved to support the defenders. Fierce fighting took place, British using bayonets and even spades against the Chine Still outnumbered, they were ordered to retreat into tur and supporting artillery was asked to direct fire into the trench

THE ROLL-CALL IN "A" COMPANY, THE BLACK WATCH, AFT THE BATTLE OF THE HOOK: While these men soug shelter in tunnels 14,000 shells and mortar bom from their supporting artillery fell among the hord of Chinese Communists who had attacked their trench

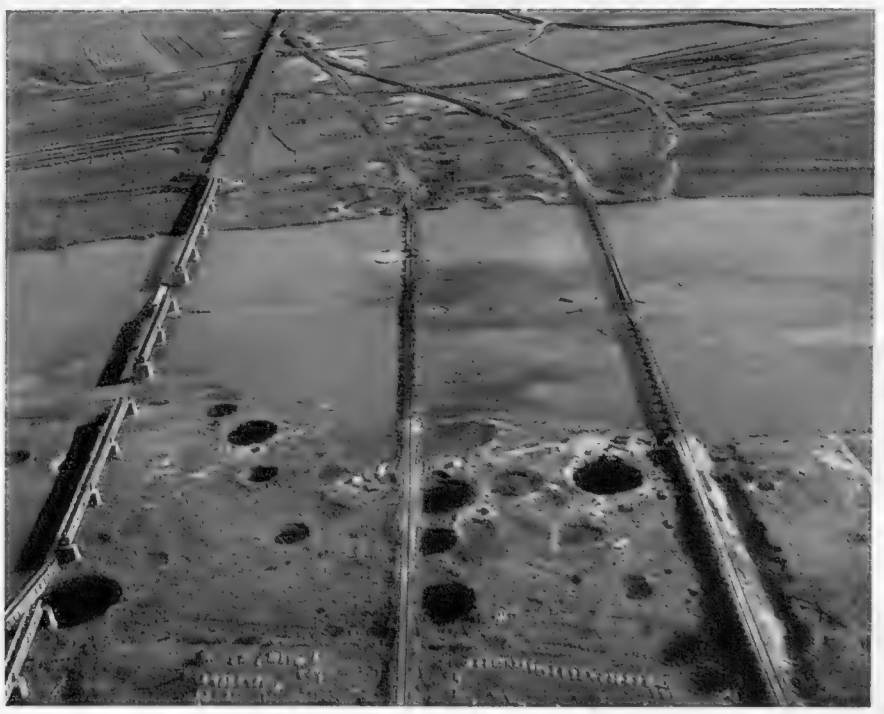
AN AMERICAN HEAVY ARTILLERY BATTERY OPENING FIRE AGAINST ENEMY POSITIONS ON THE KOREAN WEST-CENTRAL FRONT: This battery of 8-in. howitzers was supporting troops attempting to regain possession of a disputed ridge. With other guns near by, the battery laid down one of the heaviest barrages since the end of the second world war.

On left—
A U.S. NAVY PANTHER JET PLANE IN ACTION AGAINST A ROAD-BRIDGE IN KOREA: The] arrow points to a bomb dropped by the aircraft and the puff of white smoke on the port wing is the exhaust from a rocket which had just been fired. This plane was from the aircraft-carrier *Bon Homme Richard*, whose primary mission is the suppression of enemy supplies to the front.

On right—
A REMARKABLE PICTURE OF AN AMERICAN AIR ATTACK ON A COMMUNIST SUPPLY CENTRE IN NORTH KOREA: Bombs can be seen bursting on the supply centre, near Tanchon, as two U.S. Navy A.D. Skyraiders wheel in the sky far above, before going into their bombing runs over the target. These planes were from the 27,100-ton aircraft-carrier *Bon Homme Richard*.



RETURNING AFTER A RAID AGAINST COMMUNIST TROOPS AND INSTALLATIONS IN NORTH KOREA: This U.S. Navy Panther was on its way to the aircraft-carrier *Bon Homme Richard*. Below, the Korean mountains are mantled in the first snow of winter.



THREE TIMES UNLUCKY IN BRIDGE-BUILDING: When the bridge on the left was wrecked by bombs a temporary bridge was erected alongside. When this was destroyed, the Communists built a third bridge, which quickly met the fate of the others.

The QUEEN'S HEAD on the NEW STAMPS

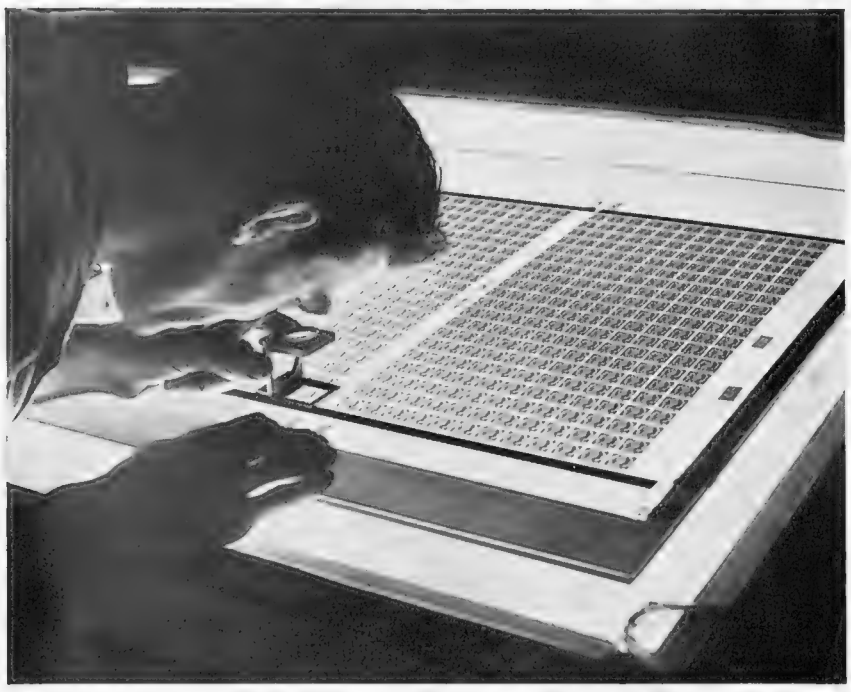
The First Two Stamps of the New Reign, Bearing the Head of Her Majesty Wearing a Coronet, On Sale at the Post Office

Yesterday morning the first stamps of the new reign were on sale at Post Offices throughout the country and at Army Post Offices overseas. There were two new stamps available, and both will belong to the permanent series. One was the 2½d. red, designed by Miss Enid Marx, a Royal designer for industry since 1944, while the other was the 1½d. green, the work of Mr. M. C. Farrar-Bell. The new patterns, chosen from seventy-four, include as the main feature a three-quarter-view portrait of the Queen, instead of the usual profile, reproduced from a photograph by Dorothy Wilding. In the 2½d. stamps the portrait is surrounded by an ornamental oval, and at the left-hand corner is a group of heraldic reproductions of the rose, thistle, daffodil and shamrock. In the 1½d. issue the portrait is surrounded by a circlet of the national floral emblems. The stamps were printed at the High Wycombe works of Messrs. Harrison and Sons, Limited, where were taken many of the pictures reproduced on this page, showing a few of the many processes through which the stamps pass before their dispatch to the G.P.O. The photogravure process is used by Harrison's and a whole stamp may contain 40,000 small squares, when seen under a magnifying glass, each square containing a different amount of ink, thus making the shading and tone. Gum arabic from the Sudan is used on the rolls of paper before the engraving from the copper roller, containing 480 images, is carried out. The last operation is the perforation, counting and checking. A few weeks ago the Queen visited the works and met Mr. William Rhodes, the sixty-eight-year-old general manager of the firm, who has met all the other sovereigns whose stamps he has helped to produce during his thirty-eight years' service with the firm.

THE FIRST STAMPS OF THE NEW REIGN: *On the left* is the new 1½d. green stamp, which has been printed from the design by Miss Enid Marx and *on the right*, the 2½d. "magentared" stamp. The latter has been designed by Mr. M. C. Farrar-Bell, of Messrs. Harrison and Sons, Limited, the printers of the new stamps. The first two stamps, the designs of which are a considerable departure from tradition, were on sale to the public on December 5.

SHEETS OF FINISHED STAMPS ROLL OFF THE MACHINES AT MESSRS. HARRISON'S WORKS AT HIGH WYCOMBE: The firm has been printing stamps for the General Post Office since the reign of King Edward VII, and produces some 24,000,000 per day. More than 80,000,000,000 stamps are produced annually in the world.

THE NEW STAMPS ARE COUNTED AFTER GOING THROUGH THE PERFORATION MACHINE: Last week, when the Postmaster-General made the announcement about the stamps, it was pointed out that through the efficiency of the High Wycombe firm the new stamps were ready for sale a week earlier than had been planned. Earl De la Warr said that the stamps "represent the new reign in young and fresh terms."



On left—
EXAMINING THE FINISHED STAMPS: An employee is seen examining a sheet of the positive stamps placed over a powerful light which throws them into relief. Imperfect stamps rarely leave the printing works.

On right—
A CRAFTSMAN AT WORK: He is seen grinding the image on to the copper roll and cutting out any flaws. To guide him in the selection of the designs for the stamps the Postmaster-General had help from a panel of experts, who included nominees of the Council of Industrial Design.

A GIANT RACETRACK IN THE CLOUDS : This pattern, with a perimeter of 50 miles, was formed by seeding a stratus cloud with dry-ice. The racetrack is actually a cleared area in the cloud, in which the effect of the dry-ice has been to change super-cooled water droplets into snow or ice crystals, which in turn fall out or evaporate. This experiment and others performed by Project Cirrus were reported this year by Dr. Irving Langmuir, General Electric scientist, at a meeting of the American Meteorological Society in New York. Project Cirrus is a joint cloud study programme of the U.S. Army Signal Corps, the Office of Naval Research and the Air Force in consultation with General Electric Research Laboratory.

Air News from Other Lands

A RACETRACK in THE CLOUDS

JETS OVER FUJIYAMA

On left—

SHOOTING STARS OF THE UNITED STATES AIR FORCE FLY OVER THE SUMMIT OF MOUNT FUJIYAMA : These F 80's of the 35th Fighter Interceptor Wing were on a routine training flight when this picture was taken. This Wing helps to provide the aerial defence of the whole of Central Japan, its industries and its heavily populated cities.

A Survey of the Foreign News in Pictures

BHUTAN'S NEW RULER: THE FUNERAL OF BENEDETTO CROCE: ITALIAN LAND DISTRIBUTION: DR. SCHACHT'S FUTURE

A Nazi Resort at Bad Godesberg Becomes a Tourist Hotel: A Persian Ex-Premier in the Toils

THE INSTALLATION OF THE NEW MAHARAJA OF BHUTAN, THE SEMI-INDEPENDENT HIMALAYAN STATE LYING BETWEEN INDIA'S NORTH-EAST FRONTIER AND COMMUNIST-HELD TIBET: *Left*—Jigme Dorji Wangchuk, the new King of the Dragon country, and his wife Kessan, at the banquet following the installation ceremony in the fortress town of Paro. *Right*—Mr. B. K. Kapur, India's Political Officer in adjacent Sikkim, reading an address from President Rajendra Prasad and Premier Nehru. Later he presented gifts from the Indian Government to the new ruler. Paro remains very remote, and it takes ten days to reach the town from the last motor road at Gangtok.

THE FUNERAL CORTÈGE PASSING THROUGH THE MOURNING MULTITUDES IN THE STREETS OF NAPLES: The hearse on its way from the Palazzo Filo Marius before the last remains of Benedetto Croce were laid to rest. Some 5,000 students from Naples and elsewhere formed the informal funeral procession. The State schools of Italy were closed in mourning for this former Minister of Education, who had such an impact on world thought.

From the sixteenth century until 1907 Bhutan existed under a form of Government not unlike the Tibetan form, there being a dual control of the clergy and the laity as represented by Dharma and Deb Rajas. In 1907 the Deb Raja resigned his position and the Tongsa Penlop, Sir Ugyen Wangchuk, was elected as the first hereditary Maharaja of Bhutan. Recently a new hereditary Maharaja was installed in the person of Jigme Dorji Wangchuk, and the elaborate ceremonial and considerable feasting at his installation were very much in accordance with Bhutanese tradition. Today Bhutan administers its own domestic affairs but enjoys the protection of India and the guidance of India in foreign affairs, that Republic having assumed the protective functions formerly exercised by the British Government in India. Under the Indian and Bhutanese Treaty of 1949 this position was reaffirmed, India guaranteeing not to interfere in Bhutan's internal administration and giving her buffer state on the north-east border a handsome subsidy. Bhutan's trade relations with the outside world are not extensive, and of recent years her average imports from Britain have not exceeded £200. Bhutan's chief productions are rice, Indian corn, millet, lac, wax and different kinds of cloth, while muzzle-loading guns and swords of highly-tempered steel are manufactured. The people are nominally Buddhists, but their religious exercises consist for the most part, it would seem, in the propitiation of evil spirits.

THE LAST RITES FOR BENEDETTO CROCE, ITALIAN PHILOSOPHER, HISTORIAN, STATESMAN AND CRITIC: Members of the Croce family and President Einaudi, who is seen (wearing glasses) standing near the head of the coffin, paying a last tribute to the great Italian before the funeral in Naples. The nation wanted Croce to have a State funeral and the Church wanted him to have a Church funeral, if he had taken the last Sacrament. Eventually a compromise was reached, based on Croce's own last wishes, and the informal funeral really represented a great popular demonstration.

After the death of Benedetto Croce, a Barnabite father, Don Vincenzo Cilento, was asked by newspaper correspondents whether Croce had made a final submission to the Church which had banned his books. The father replied with a memorable phrase, "Great souls have a direct communication with God." It was the wish of Signora Croce that the Church's absolution would reach her husband, and so, after Croce's death, Father Cilento pronounced absolution on the body. There was no State funeral and no Church funeral for this great Italian. It is very rare in Italian history that an Italian of national and international repute has desired a non-Catholic funeral, but so it came to pass, and it was noticeable that not a newspaper in Italy criticised the dead philosopher on this account. The only real criticism came from the Fascists. Croce was born in the Abruzzi in 1866. His work as a philosopher attracted notice before the First World War, and Italians have held him in honour ever since.

ONE OF THE BEDROOMS IN THE EXCLUSIVE DREESEN HOTEL, WHICH HAS NOW BEEN REOPENED AT BAD GODESBERG : This was one of Hitler's favourite haunts when visiting the Rhineland. After the war the hotel was occupied by the Allies ; later, refugees used it, and, finally, it became the office of M. Poncet, the French High Commissioner. Now, seven-and-a-half years after the war, the Dreesen is open to the public again.

ONE OF THE HISTORIC ROOMS IN THE DREESEN AT BAD GODESBERG—A ROOM ASSOCIATED WITH THE RHINELAND VISITS OF ADOLF HITLER IN THE HEYDAY OF HIS REGIME : The room is elaborately furnished and offers fine views across the Rhine. It can be hired for business meetings.

DR. SCHACHT MAKES ANOTHER APPEARANCE IN COURT : Hitler's former Finance Minister is seen with his counsel in Hamburg during the hearing of a Hamburg Senate appeal against the decision to allow the doctor to start a bank in the Hanseatic city. Since this appeal Schacht has been negotiating in Dusseldorf, apparently with success.

On left—

The re-emergence of Dr. Schacht as a power in the banking world has not gone according to his hoped-for schedule, for this financial wizard, who escaped heavy Allied penalties, has already collected, it is said, between 40,000,000 and 50,000,000 marks and, but for the refusal of Hamburg to let him establish himself there, he would now be the head of an important banking business. In the Hamburg courts Dr. Schacht has won and lost, but more than that he has been shown very plainly by the people of Hamburg that they do not want him there. Since then Dr. Schacht has had talks with the leading business men of Dusseldorf, where he is said to have received support ; but at the time of writing the Land Government of North Rhine-Westphalia has not received an application to open a bank in Dusseldorf. One rumour has been that the doctor wishes to establish a banking partnership in the city.

QAVAM ES-SULTANEH (PREMIER OF PERSIA FOR FOUR DAYS LAST JULY) IS SICK AND BEDRIDDEN : Qavam, whose four-day term ended in rioting that forced his resignation and brought Mossadeq back to power, now faces prosecution for the deaths in the riots. In this picture he is seen in bed at his home in Teheran, with his eight-year-old son standing by. In hiding since he was forced out of office, Qavam has voluntarily returned to the capital, but is reported seriously ill and in need of surgical attention. This is the first picture made of Qavam since his fall from power.

ALBERTO SPREGA, ONE OF THE PROTAGONISTS OF ITALIAN LAND DISTRIBUTION, HANDS A DOCUMENT SIGNIFYING LAND OWNERSHIP TO GIUSEPPINA CONTRUCCI, ONE OF TWENTY-FOUR LANDLESS PEASANTS WHO HAVE BEEN GIVEN SMALL HOLDINGS AT ISCHIA DI CASTRO : This ceremony is only one of many which have taken place in recent months in Italy, where the progress of land reform proceeds apace through the Maremma organisation, an autonomous State-supported body charged with the special task of providing for the landless. Large crowds gathered in this town of Viterbo Province for the ceremony of distribution. In addition to the twenty-four landless peasants, sixty other people also received grants of small parcels of land, all property which had been left to decay by the absentee landlords.

A RED-LETTER DAY FOR THE PEOPLE OF ISCHIA DI CASTRO, IN THE VITERBO PROVINCE OF CENTRAL ITALY : This was the scene as Giuseppi Medici, President of Maremma, addressed the people before the distribution of land titles.

THE FRENCH RIVIERA SPREADS WESTWARDS

The New Riviera, Stretching from Cannes Westwards to Toulon, is Cheaper than the Old Riviera, and the Campers and the Caravanners are Coming into their Own

By FERDINAND TUOHY

TOULON came under land shell-fire as well as aerial bombardment but the heaviest damage was done when much that survived of the French Navy sabotaged itself in harbour just ten years ago.

It was then that most of the old waterfront went up in smoke and ruin. It may have been a somewhat dilapidated relic, yet the majority of citizens wanted it reconstituted at least in a manner that would provoke memories of the vanished architectural pot-pourri. There was a prolonged argument over it.

The ultra-modern school won, and to-day you witness the result: the entire waterfront covered by a succession of massive, seven-storeyed blocks apparently supported on "stilts" or pillars, all the same grey stone and ferro-concrete *appartement* houses with arrangements for shops and offices at street-level. Not a sign of character or individuality.

"One would think Toulon has new ideas about itself," cryptically commented my companion, a local journalist, as he swept the drab, monumental uniformity with his cane.

Toulon's days as a big naval base are, it seems, as over as its role as a port of call for liners. The new Navy, a smaller affair from every angle, will use a medley of French Mediterranean ports (Mers-el-Kébir, by Oran, as No. 1, Toulon second), together with bases and harbours made accessible by N.A.T.O. allies.

The idea is to substitute a Toulon partly conceived as a great holiday centre for the multitude which is flocking to the Mediterranean on the strength of fatter pay-packets (fruit of the cold war), holidays-with-pay and family allowances (example: £33 a month for five children).

The Toulon region can be notably cheaper than the old "Big Riviera." It has the climate and the scenery and the natural sites crying to be turned to account. It sees itself as a lusty, noisy creation whose *prix fixe* meals and wine will "feature" quantity before quality. None of your select and expensive style of Riviera.

"If you want evidence, come across and see Les Sablettes." My companion indicated the ferry-boat. We went.

Les Sablettes used to be a delectable crescent of white sand, three hotels, an old fishing village, and a few oddments, across the harbour from Toulon. English, especially discriminating English, went there. In the war, the little plage was pretty well razed because the Germans wanted it as a strong-point, and a disconsolate scene it remained until March last.

Then the Syndicalist Association for Reconstruction (a civic body) got together over war damage with the Ministry of Reconstruction and in nine months a brand-new "station" (less than a resort) materialised at a cost of approximately £125,000.

The stone was brought from Roman Pont du Gard, not so far away. The labour was chiefly economic Algerian (120 workmen all told). Maximum use was made of prefabricated elements. The architectural mould is arcaded Italian. The new Sablettes has two hotels, forty flats, twenty-nine commercial premises and cafés, gambling facilities, and, of course, "dancings," where swing bands and juke-boxes will hush for good the accordion and guitar when the grand opening comes along with the Provençal spring.

I gathered there were to be a number of similarly evolved "stations" up and down the Var Department's coastline, and that such "embellishment" would be one of three principal props in the establishing of a new and "popular" Riviera—"La Riviera Varoise"—which would extend for approximately 100 miles—from St. Cyr, just east of La Ciotat, to Les Trayas, nine miles west of Cannes—in fact, covering the whole frontage of the Var Department.

The other two main supports are to be an intense cultivation of camping and a continuous Corniche high road along the coast.

The aim is to set up as a competitor to dear and bourgeois Cannes–Nice-Monte Carlo. The thinner purses will be drawn off from that neighbourhood, but the animators of the Var Riviera believe the region has already attracted sufficient of a new class of foreign visitor and of "little bourgeois" and upper proletarian French, to build upon in confidence.

Rich "pockets" and properties along the new Riviera, there must be. They are there already. Many have been there for a long time. Such places make good business. But their kind will not be repeated. The accent is to be on a contracted spending —but a great deal of it—with groups and syndicates, "colonies" and associations, clubs and holiday organisations taking an ever more active hand not only as regards charges but in actual construction and bringing to life.

A good deal of the work ahead lies in linking up coastal life and in improving sites already in existence. It isn't as if a whole Riviera had to be thought out and developed. Many parts of it have long been familiar and favourite stamping-grounds for British and foreign visitors generally.

Parts of the new Riviera are quite certain to remain as extravagant as any Cannes or Nice. Nobody will be conscious of entering a cheaper world when they pass the thirteenth kilometre post west of Cannes. But they should presently become conscious of entering a coastal region—a Riviera—having a separate identity—the Varoise.

THE TOWN OF ST. TROPEZ LIES ON THE NEW RIVIERA, BUT IT IS REALLY A RICH POCKET FOR THE MOST PART ATTRACTING WEALTH, IF NOT FASHION: Near by, however, are many resorts which are becoming popular among campers.

TRADING BOATS AT ST. TROPEZ: It is this aspect of St. Tropez that first attracted the artistic colony to the little port. Later, wealthy Parisians built villas near by, and then in the '30's came a giant hotel of modernistic appearance.

A separate identity as regards its "seasons" and fêtes, galas and attractions, its sport, gambling, embellishment and publicity, transport and other services. The animators wish to create the notion of a Riviera which is different from the old one, more in keeping with a scooter age, but which offers the same basic attractions as the expensive, glamorised version. The department of war damages, the municipalities, and private initiative have got together along the entire 100 miles with this end in view.

I am reminded of an interview with H. G. Wells, in the early '20's, up at Grasse, when he stretched out an arm and took in the far vistas below. "All this and more we cannot see will one day be one vast sunshine city," spoke the seer.

Journeying from west to east, the first fifteen or so miles, from St. Cyr to Bandol, is under Marseilles influence; that is to say, the coast is subject to an invasion from this quarter from Easter to September, while many are they who live in residential areas and journey to and from the big city each work-day. Still more are retired folk who live modestly whatever they may possess.

Next stage: from Sanary to Hyères may be written down as the Toulon region—and anyone who sees Sanary to-day, and remembers it in 1939, will immediately understand what La Riviera Varoise is out to do where it finds the substance. Poor old Sanary! The noise and traffic of a June day now, the digging and the hammering . . .

Outwards from Toulon, east, west and centre, is a string of resorts and "stations." Those towards Hyères form the Mourillon Riviera and its beaches have long breathed a plebeian aroma. This is where Mayol, the café-concert king, started his professional days, and no doubt where Raimu did too.

In passing, we are now at the southernmost tip of the whole French Riviera. In summer this means just as high temperatures as at Cannes, etc., though when the mistral blows, it blows harder Toulon-way. In autumn and winter Toulon is unmistakably colder than Nice, but then the new Riviera does not aspire to a winter season. Which is as well, for some of the coldest people I have ever come across have been misguided northerners wintering at St. Tropez.

What about Hyères? Did not R.L.S. seek its balmy winter air? Was it not the oldest English settlement, rivalling Nice? Maybe so; but Hyères has fallen upon evil days and is earmarked for a more "popular" hereafter. For one thing, it has its Islands within reach, one a celebrated nudist camp.

But for mass camping, one goes to Le Lavandou, and from there along to Cavalaire.

This stretch was long popular as "The Little Riviera." It is expensive to this day, even exclusive in parts. Extensive camping-grounds will henceforth shelter close to the sea. French people "wishing to economise" have fallen in a big way for camping—people of fifty and over. As for foreigners, let them be warned they will find it hard to camp anywhere along "la Riviera Varoise" without a permit.

As I said, the new Riviera is banking heavily on campers and no area in all France is more easily ignitable.

As we progress, we observe that the intermittent beaches, usually of fine sand, far better than the few adorning "the Big Riviera," are increasingly invaded by restaurant shacks, snack-bars, *guinguettes* (tea and dancing gardens), bathing and alleged physical culture reserves, while "pick-ups" blare from morn to dusk. Yet those of the scooter age would not feel cosy without them, eyesores though they are, and wholly destructive of what a summer beach should be.

Quite excusable up to a point are the "colonies de vacance," which now fasten on the most likely strips of sand, staking claims and forbidding all access in the name of la Marine, of the regional Police Force, of the Coal Miners of Lens, of the Butchers of La Villette, and what have you. They are mostly for children, but the original conception *for sickly children* has been overshot.

Riparian rights being honoured in the breach, one foresees this new Riviera as eventually reserved in one way or another, at all its best points down to the water's edge.

St. Tropez is likely to remain a "rich pocket" and the haven of flamboyant or eccentric Parisian characters centring on the film and theatrical worlds. St. Maxime is another that has "money" written on it, difficult to erase. But in the pinewoods of Beauvallon and round the barer, burnt-out bend to St. Raphäel, the campers and the caravanners will be catered for again. There are many delightful inlets just below the Corniche. Which reminds that small-time yachting and aquatic sports are to be taken up with an altogether new vigour.

Another departure will be the big accretion of marketing and cooking done by visitors, not only by campers but by holiday-makers renting rooms and seeing to their own meals. Such folk, greatly on the increase wherever quarters are to be had, testify further how la Riviera Varoise will fill a gap. A friend told me he fed, lodged and wined "magnificently" last summer for 23s. a head—and that was at Antibes. But there were no frills.

Fortunately the Var is well found in wine, fruit, vegetables (being better than Alpes Maritimes, wherein lies the "Big Riviera"). The truth is, the A.M. Department has far too many calls made upon it. Moreover, the palatial hotels and luxury villas of its main centres are unsuitable hangovers from last century. The Var Riviera, with all the elbow-room it needs, hopes to score by building the kind of hotels, chalets and prefabs. that suit this modern age.

REJOICING in CAMBODIA

The Sacred Relics of the Buddhist Disciples Sariputta and Mogallana Reach Cambodia from India

KING SIANOUK, MONARCH OF CAMBODIA, CARRYING ONE OF THE SACRED BUDDHIST RELICS WHICH WERE SENT TO HIS COUNTRY FROM INDIA: The relics of the Buddha's two disciples, Sariputta and Mogallana, arrived at the airport of the Cambodian capital of Pnom Penh amid scenes of unprecedented pageantry and rejoicing. For years the bones of the two saints were in the keeping of the Indian section of the Victoria and Albert Museum in London, and they were returned to India in October 1948. Since then they have been sent to Burma, Ceylon and other Buddhist countries, where their arrival has coincided with a popular upsurge of interest in the Buddhist ideals. The relics were taken by air to Pnom Penh by a ten-man Indian delegation, led by Dr. S. P. Mookerjee. After a suitable period has elapsed they will be sent to a shrine in Siam.

CAMBODIAN DANCERS AND MUSICIANS IN THE HOLY PROCESSION FROM PNOM PENH AIRPORT: Great was the rejoicing as the relics passed through the streets.

THE BUDDHIST RELICS IN PROCESSION THROUGH THE STREETS OF THE CAMBODIAN CAPITAL, FOLLOWED BY THOUSANDS OF MONKS: The relics are mere fragments of bone, certainly of great antiquity. They were sent to Cambodia by the Mahabodhi Society of India, another country where recently there has been a great revival of interest in Buddhism.

KING SIANOUK AND OTHER MEMBERS OF THE CAMBODIAN ROYAL FAMILY SERVING A TRADITIONAL MEAL TO THE MONKS: In this truly democratic custom the King, serving rice at the end of the table, wears no shoes. The Queen Mother is busy beside him, and the monks file solemnly past.

On left—KING SIANOUK HELPING TO DRAW THE RELICS THROUGH THE STREETS: Immediately behind the King is the Queen Mother, and other members of the Cambodian Court follow.

BUDDHISTS GAZING UPON THE SACRED RELICS IN THEIR SHRINE: Whether or not the bone fragments were really from the saints' bodies, it is established that they are well over 1,000 years old.

WITCH-DOCTORING TO COMBAT MAU MAU

No. 1 VERSION

The Use of the Thenge Stone

A question asked in Parliament recently must have struck Members as bizarre to say the least, when the information was sought from the Colonial Minister regarding the number of witch-doctors now employed by the Government of Kenya. The truth is that an antidote to the Mau Mau oath is vital to peace and good order in Kenya; for that strange and terrible oath has been administered far and wide among native workers in town and country. Mau Mau began in 1942 among a group of Kikuyu in the Rift Valley, and only men took the oath. The aim then was not to kill Europeans, though hatred of Europeans was strong. In 1947 Mau Mau gained in strength, authority and menace with the arrival of a new leader from Europe, and it was then that the oath declared it was well to kill Europeans and their herds. From that year, indeed, stems the real trouble in Kenya, and now a much harassed Colonial Government is trying by every means in its power to bring tranquillity to the land. It recognises that reinforcements of troops and police are not the only answer. To combat the Mau Mau oath witch-doctors are being employed throughout the Kikuyu area, and they are going from tribe to tribe in a systematic attempt to replace the Mau Mau oath with an oath of binding character. Witch-doctoring techniques differ considerably, it seems, and in the pictures on these pages two cleansing ceremonies are illustrated.

These ceremonies are taken with great seriousness by all concerned, and no one who has witnessed a tribal cleansing has cast doubts on the importance with which the initiates view the ceremony. Of its binding character they seem only too well aware. Meanwhile Mau Mau, with many of its leaders behind bars or barbed wire, continues its work, and its lesser leaders are taking on where the others left off, urging the killing of Europeans on at least five days a week.

KIKUYU AUTHORITIES ON LAW AND CUSTOM ATTEND THE CLEANSING CEREMONY: Second from right is Chief Njiri, last surviving senior chief of the Kikuyu, whose two brother chiefs, Waruhiu and Nderi, were murdered, presumably by the Mau Mau.

LUCA KAHANGARA, AN AFRICAN LEADER, TELLING THE CROWD WHY THE CEREMONIES AGAINST MAU MAU HAVE BECOME NECESSARY: Immediately beneath Kahangara is Senior Chief Waruhiu, who was murdered after this ceremony. As Kahangara finished speaking and said that the ceremony was about to begin, crowds of the younger men took fright and ran away—no doubt fearing vengeance from Mau Mau.

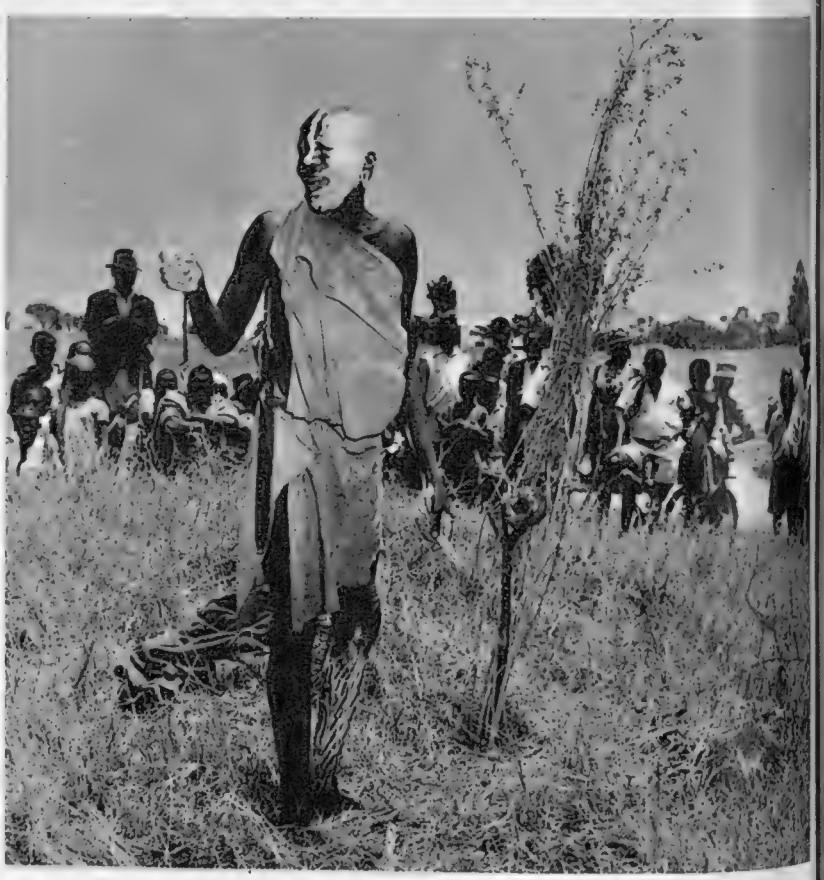
PREPARING BRANCHES OF THE MIGURI BUSH USED TRADITIONALLY AS THE SUPPORT OF THE THENGE STONE: The Miguri bush is sacred to the Kikuyu. The sticks are tied together with the special grass called zgoka and the Thenge, in reality an elephant bone, nestles in this sacred support while the oaths ring out across the forests. Then follow the words: "And let the man who denies this oath fall to the ground and die."

On left—

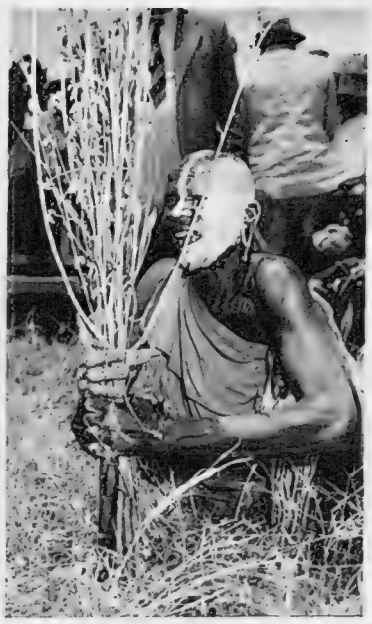
THE BEDAUBED WITCH-DOCTOR TAKING THE SACRED THENGE STONE FROM ITS CONTAINER, A PLAITED STRAW BASKET: Senior Chief Waruhiu, who was murdered after this ceremony, stands beside the prepared sticks from the Miguri bush, which are seen on the left.

On right—

THE WITCH-DOCTOR ABOUT TO PERFORM THE CRITICAL PART OF THE CLEANSING CEREMONY: He is holding a twig which he thrusts through the hole in the Thenge stone as each oath is uttered. The Kikuyu believe that the twig, having passed through the hole, becomes an arrow flying through the air to reach the heart of any foolish man who dares to break the oath, whether to-day, to-morrow or at any time in the future.

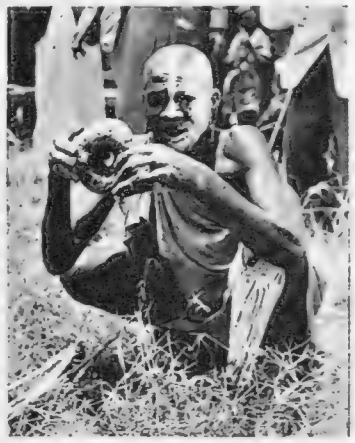


KIKUYU TRIBESMEN WATCH AS THE WITCH-DOCTOR SEALS THE OATH: Once the twig has passed through the hole of the stone the curse is sealed and will become effective. The witch-doctor has seven twigs for seven separate curses.



Above and on left—FLINGING THE MIGURI STICKS TO THE GROUND AT THE END OF THE OATH-TAKING CEREMONY: As the sacred support of the Thenge stone collapses, the witch-doctor screams: "And may the spirits see that Mau Mau falls to the ground like this Miguri."

THE CEREMONY COMPLETED, THE WITCH-DOCTOR REMOVES HIS "MAKE-UP" WITH OIL FROM THE CASTOR TREE: The crowd stands silent about him.



THE WITCH-DOCTOR WITH THE THENGE STONE: Only witch-doctors are allowed to handle it.

WITCH-DOCTORING TO COMBAT MAU MAU

No. 2 VERSION

The Use of the Sacrificial Goat

A MAU MAU CLEANSING CEREMONY IN PROGRESS IN THE KIAMBU DISTRICT OF KENYA: At this series of mystic purification ceremonies, witch-doctors employed by the Government to cleanse tribesmen who unwillingly took the dreaded Mau Mau oath use a sacrificial goat for their purposes. *Left*—The witch-doctor, wearing a sheepskin cap, stresses the evils of Mau Mau and explains the nature of the cleansing ceremony. In a depression in the ground lined with banana leaves are laid out the blood and stomach contents of the goat. *Right*—The witch-doctor is seen as he dips the hoof of the dead goat into the mixture before him. He will then apply this to the tongues of the initiates and they, in turn, it is believed will retch the Mau Mau evil.

THE TRIBESMEN ARE CLEANSED OF THE EVIL OF THE MAU MAU OATH: In these three pictures the witch-doctor in his sheepskin cap is seen applying the hoof of the slaughtered goat to the tongues of the initiates. Each initiate sucks the hoof seven times—the mystic number—having first confessed to having taken the Mau Mau oath. The initiate then proceeds to denounce the oath. The witch-doctor is of a status sufficient to undo the most powerful oaths known to the Kikuyu.

TULYAR WINS THE DERBY FOR THE AGA KHAN—THE MOMENT OF TRIUMPH AS THE COLT PASSED THE POST WITH GAY TIME A STRIDE OR TWO IN REAR: Smirke, on Tulyar, is looking back at Lester Piggott on Gay Time, a grin of triumph spreading over his countenance. Tulyar started a hot favourite for the race, following some inspired last-minute backing, and he won creditably but not easily. Later in the season it became apparent that Tulyar ran all his races in this way, pulling out just enough.

TULYAR'S YEAR

Looking Back on a Racing Season in Britain Made Memorable by the Glorious Achievements of One Thoroughbred, which Won a Record Sum in Stakes

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

Looking back on the racing season which has just closed, it was unquestionably a vintage year and unquestionably Tulyar's year, and whatever happens when Tulyar appears on a race-course in 1953 there is no doubt that the colt's triumphs in 1952 give him a permanent place on the roll of fame, ranking with Eclipse, St. Simon, Isinglass, Sceptre, Pretty Polly and other giants of old. In the following article Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald assesses Tulyar's achievements against the records of the past, and shows to what a degree he has brought new lustre to British breeding. THE SPHERE *is indebted to Fores Limited, of New Bond Street, for permission to reproduce from colour prints in their possession pictures of some of the great thoroughbreds of an earlier day.*

THIS has been a great year for the British thoroughbred. As usual nowadays, we started the season by being very nervous of the expected French invasion, for we have become accustomed in recent years to watching French horses carrying off our biggest prizes, and the two-year-old form of 1951 had not been particularly encouraging. Moreover, Windy City (the colt placed at the head of the Free Handicap and rated 5 lb. superior to Zabara, a filly) would not be racing in England as a three-year-old and was, in any case, not a classic type. Zabara looked a good racehorse, but fillies are unpredictable creatures, and one turns to the colts when considering the foreign invasion. Of the colts, Bob Major had carried all before him as a two-year-old until the Richmond Stakes at Goodwood on the last day of July. There were many, until that day, who were looking no further for the Derby winner of 1952. Bob Major, starting at odds of 8 to 1 on, was beaten half-a-length by Gay Time, to whom he was giving weight. And the manner of the beating gave some people furiously to think. For all that, Bob Major became the winter favourite for the Derby. But his breeding—his sire is Tudor Minstrel—suggested that he would probably not stay more than a mile and a quarter. Gay Time, rated 3 lb. behind Bob Major in the Free Handicap, seemed a better proposition. There could not be any doubt about his breeding so far as the Derby distance was concerned.

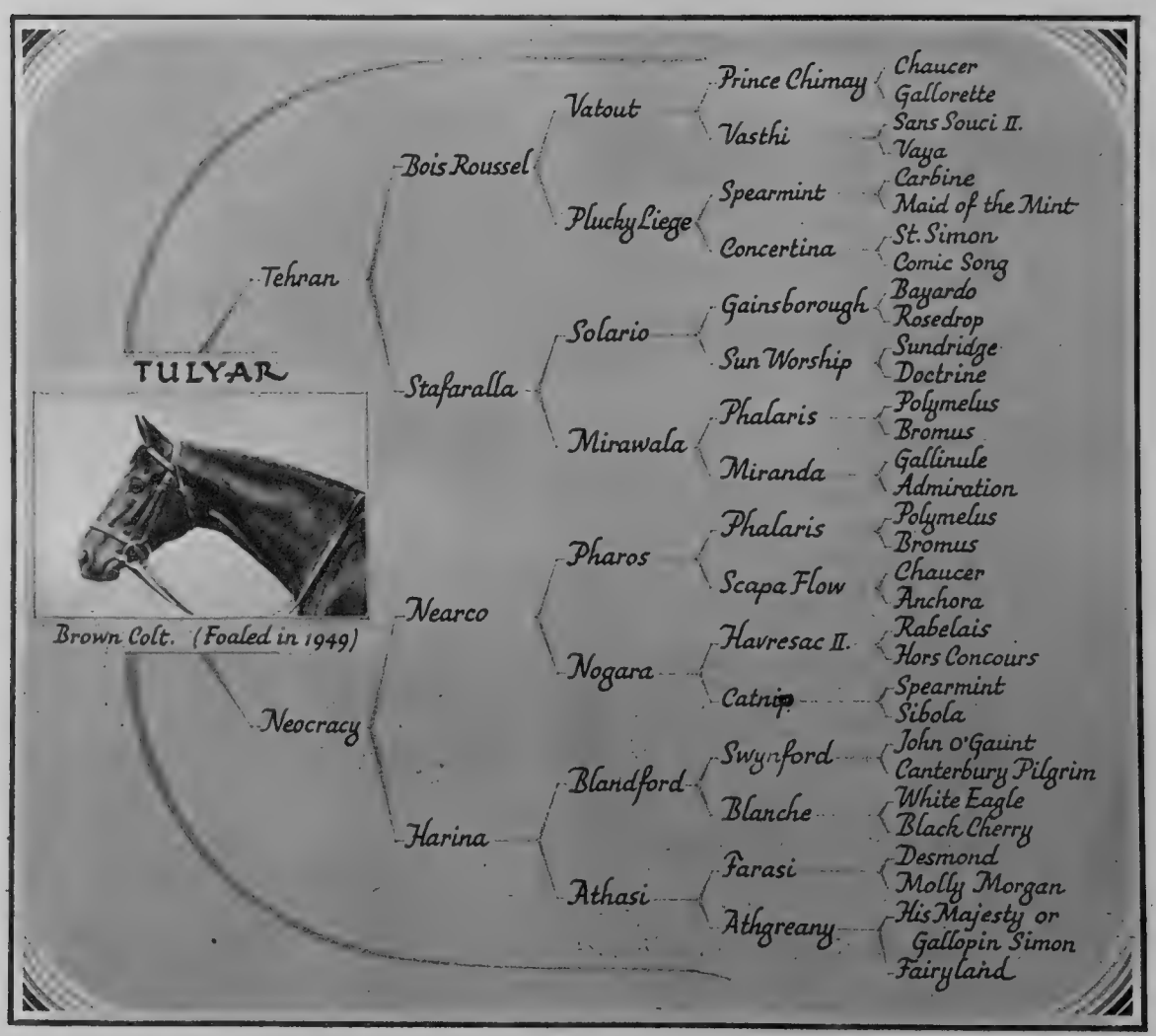
It is probably true to say that hardly anybody outside his stable gave Tulyar a thought during the winter. He had won a couple of mile races as a two-year-old, but the opposition had not been anything very startling. He had also run unplaced twice, third once, and in his last race of the season had been beaten into second place by H.V.C. True, Tulyar was giving away quite a lot of weight on that occasion, and the distance was only a fraction over 7 furlongs, but the form was not impressive. It was no surprise to find him rated at 8 st. 2 lb. in the Free Handicap, 11 lb. behind Bob Major and 8 lb. behind Gay Time. Searching for the Derby winner during the winter (and that is the time to begin), Tulyar was not seriously considered.

Tulyar did not run in the Two Thousand Guineas. It was thought that the going would not suit him, and he was taken out of the race. His form during the rest of the season, in all sorts of going, must have made his owner and trainer regret that well-meant decision. On subsequent form, there can be no doubt that he would have won the Two Thousand Guineas as readily as he won all his other races last summer. However, he missed the Two Thousand Guineas and it was not until he won the Derby Trial Stakes at Lingfield, beating Vagabond VII and H.V.C., that he really came to be seriously considered for the Derby by the general public. At Lingfield it was not the horses he beat, but the manner in which he administered the beating that was so impressive. The knowledgeable hastened to get their money on for the Derby.

He did not win the Derby by a great margin. There were indeed plenty of keen racing men who thought that Gay Time had been unlucky. But watching closely, one had the impression that Tulyar had a bit in hand, and when later in the season he again beat Gay Time (on this occasion by a neck), that impression was strengthened. There is no need to recount the full details of Tulyar's marvellous summer. It was apparent long before the St. Leger that here was a great horse, and the manner in which he won the last classic, after being boxed in and then switched to the outside, proved that conclusively. None but a really great horse could have stormed that finish as Tulyar did.

But it was not only Tulyar who put the British thoroughbred well and truly on the map once more. For a long time it has been said that we no longer produce true stayers, that in this department at least the French know more about it than we do. But this summer has seen a great and consistent stayer in Medway (winner of both the Goodwood Cup and the Queen Alexandra Stakes at Ascot, both races run over a distance of more than two-and-a-half miles), and another in Souepi (winner of the Ascot Gold Vase), who defeated Medway on the only occasion on which they have met. Souepi, incidentally, did not run as a two-year-old, and in seven races as a three-year-old failed to get a place. When he ran for the Gold Vase at Ascot in June, he had not won so much as a penny for his owner. It is worthy of note that his sire Epigram also did not win a race until he was four years old. If he continues to follow in his sire's footsteps Souepi is going to be quite magnificent as a five-year-old.

To round off a triumphant season came Wilwyn's great victory in the United States. Wilwyn's three-year-old career had not been anything out of the way. But this year, due to some very clever placing by his trainer, he is unbeaten. All the same, I do not think there



THE BREEDING OF TULYAR, THE STAR THREE-YEAR-OLD OF 1952: This brown colt, by Tehran out of Neocracy, has some of the finest staying blood in his pedigree. On his sire's side he descends from the Derby winner Bois Roussel, Solario, Phalaris, St. Simon and Carbine. On the dam's side are Nearco, Pharos and Chaucer.

TWO OF THE GREATEST MARES IN THE LONG ROLL OF RACING HISTORY: *Left*—The celebrated Sceptre was a big bay mare of the most excitable temper, but a most determined racer, and after being beaten once as a two-year-old went on to win every classic race except the Derby. *Right*—The equally celebrated Pretty Polly, who won all her two-year-old races, for the most part by wide margins, and as a three-year-old scored in three of the classics, the One Thousand Guineas, the Oaks and the St. Leger. These two drawings are from colour prints by A. C. Havell and, together with other drawings in this feature, are published by Fores, New Bond Street.

were many, other than his trainer, who thought he had the slightest chance of winning in America. But win he did, and sufficiently easily to wipe clear the Zev-Papyrus slate (not that any American racing man has ever thought that disastrous match as ridiculous as we have thought it over here) and to strike a resounding blow for the prestige of British bloodstock.

But despite Wilwyn, despite the welcome discovery that we have some really fine stayers, this has been Tulyar's year. The Aga Khan's brown horse has won seven races and more than £70,000 in prize money during the season, and that has never been done before—nor anything like it. Inevitably, one starts comparing Tulyar with the great horses of the past. Such comparisons are, of course, invidious. I know that well. But a great horse always brings the great horses of the past to mind.

That Tulyar is the best three-year-old race-horse we have produced since the war is beyond question. One has to go back to 1939 and Blue Peter to find a horse approaching the same class. Blue Peter won the Two Thousand Guineas and the Derby, and the latter with ease—four lengths and any amount to spare—and it is probable that he would have won the St. Leger (though he would have had tough French opposition) had the war not intervened. Blue Peter in training was a magnificent-looking horse. He dominated that Derby field; in the parade you looked only at him. In my memory only the huge Hurry On (who won the substitute St. Leger, then known as the September Stakes, of 1916) has impressed me so much on sheer looks. Tulyar, to look at, is not impressive. He is a compact brown horse, and that is all you can say. There is nothing about him to take the eye at once in the parade. It is only when he stretches out in a gallop, his head held rather low, that you realise that he has an immense stride and covers a tremendous amount of ground. Tulyar, too, is a placid individual. He never gets ruffled, and he never does more than he has to do. If he gets his head in front, that seems to content him. Remembering Blue Peter, and his grandeur, you would say, I think, that he was superior to Tulyar. But remembering Tulyar's record and his temperament? For myself I have no doubt.

Indeed, I think that of the classic winners of the last thirty years, only the Aga Khan's mighty Bahram could be ranked above Tulyar. And, for myself, I am not sure. Bahram was unbeaten. Tulyar has been beaten. But Bahram did not race so frequently as a three-year-old, and did not win anything like so much prize money. He was very similar to Tulyar in temperament: a quiet horse who never put himself out more than was necessary to win. He glided past his opponents rather than galloped past them. Even

(*Concluded on following pages*)

H.H. THE AGA KHAN, FOR WHOM TULYAR WON A FORTUNE IN STAKES: The leading owner on the British Turf who in 1952 won £92,518, much of it through the achievements of his brilliant three-year-old. The Aga Khan also bred twenty other individual winners.

THE AGA KHAN'S DERBY WINNER BEFORE TULYAR: My Love winning the race in 1948 from Royal Drake and Noor. Later Noor was to go to the United States and sweep all before him in the big handicaps on the American Turf, even trouncing the famous Citation.

THE FRENCH ENTRY PEARL DIVER WINNING THE DERBY IN 1947 AT A TIME WHEN BRITISH RACING WAS PASSING THROUGH A BAD PERIOD AND FRENCH SUCCESSES WERE FOLLOWING EACH OTHER THICK AND FAST: Pearl Diver was not fancied on this side of the Channel, and the result was that French backers profited handsomely.

A NOTABLE PERFORMER IN TULYAR'S YEAR: Souepi winning the Ascot Gold Vase. Souepi came to his mature best at four years old, having failed as a three-year-old.

How Tulyar Dominated the Flat Racing Statistics of 1952.

By virtue of Tulyar's successes the Aga Khan dominated the list of owners and breeders and Marcus Marsh the list of trainers. Tehran, for the same reason, was the leading sire, but Smirke, Tulyar's jockey, was not in the first ten, as his riding is limited by weight problems.

OWNERS

	Horses	Races Won	Stakes £
The Aga Khan	14	29	92,518
Mr. J. S. Gerber	4	15	25,773
The Maharanee of Baroda	6	15	22,910
Sir Malcolm McAlpine	6	10	22,735
Captain A. M. Keith	2	7	20,494
Lord Milford	12	19	18,794
Mr. J. A. Dewar	9	27	15,477
Mr. S. Wootton	10	30	14,995
M. E. Constant (France)	1	1	14,516
Mr. H. J. Joel	17	22	14,157

BREEDERS

	Horses	Races Won	Stakes £
The Aga Khan's Studs	24	40	93,058
Lady Wyfold	6	12	26,782
Captain A. M. Keith	1	4	19,039
Lord Milford	12	19	18,794
Mr. J. S. Gerber	1	8	18,586
Mr. J. A. Dewar	11	30	17,408
Ballykisteen Stud	10	29	17,355
Sledmere Stud	10	20	17,201
Marquis de Nicolay (France) ...	1	3	14,560
M. M. Desbons (France)	1	1	14,516

TRAINERS

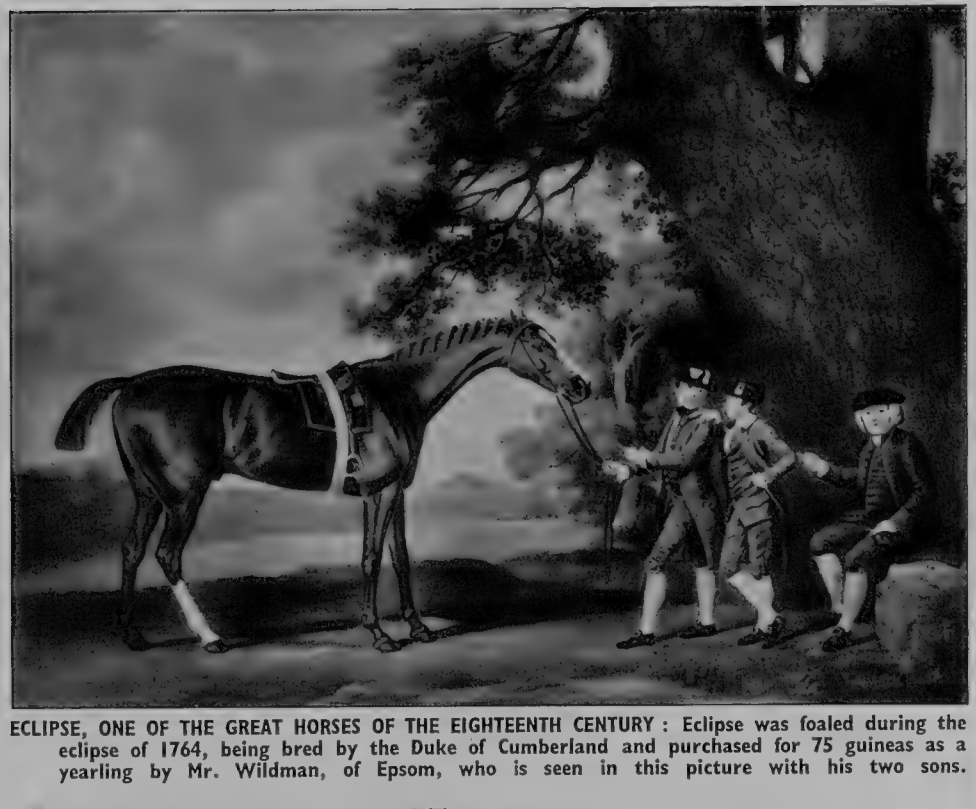
	Horses	Races Won	Stakes £
M. Marsh	15	30	92,093
F. Armstrong	33	63	54,337
J. L. Jarvis	32	60	48,122
C. F. Elsey	34	62	46,727
V. Smyth	23	33	31,299
W. Nightingall	35	58	31,243
C. Boyd-Rochfort	19	28	28,426
G. S. Colling	18	42	25,755
T. H. Carey	13	31	23,240
C. F. N. Murless	31	47	21,735
P. Thrale	38	54	21,498

JOCKEYS

	1st	2nd	3rd	Unplaced	Total Mounts
G. Richards	231	135	98	341	805
D. Smith	97	102	96	414	709
E. Mercer	90	86	68	333	577
E. Smith	81	70	68	402	621
L. Piggott	79	47	70	420	616
E. Britt	77	72	58	246	453
K. Gethin	75	68	39	210	392
W. Nevitt	74	71	52	235	432
W. H. Carr	69	57	46	215	387
W. Rickaby	65	63	53	285	466

SIRES

	Horses	Races Won	Stakes £
Tehran	14	25	84,177
Hyperion	23	44	38,603
Persian Gulf	16	25	32,054
Nasrullah	26	42	31,663
Nearco	22	40	27,961
Niccolo dell'Arca	18	32	27,752
Precipitation	24	42	27,146
Panorama	20	38	23,898
Phideas	11	18	22,867
Court Martial	23	37	20,791



ECLIPSE, ONE OF THE GREAT HORSES OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY: Eclipse was foaled during the eclipse of 1764, being bred by the Duke of Cumberland and purchased for 75 guineas as a yearling by Mr. Wildman, of Epsom, who is seen in this picture with his two sons.

A BRITISH TRIUMPH ON THE AMERICAN RACE-COURSE IN OCTOBER, 1952: Mr. R race over 1½ miles at Laurel Park, Maryland, in the course record time on the rails, is the other British entry, Zucchero, with Smirke up. In t series of victories to his credit), and at the end of his three-year-old days the Joc Arctic Prince, and 8 lb. behind Zucchero, the runner-up in the great Festival ra much too freely. He has now won eleven races in succession—a feat which no

TULYAR'S YEAR: (*Concluded from previous page*)

so, he won the St. Leger by the handsome margin of five lengths. But it must be remembered that he was not boxed in during the race. Tulyar's three-lengths margin, coming from behind at the very end of the race, compares more than favourably. Perhaps it would be fair to say that Tulyar is in the same class as Bahram, and leave it at that. And he has still a four-year-old career to come. Bahram did not race at four.

But how do they, how does Tulyar, compare with the giants of the past? It is a very unfair question, an impossible question. But that is what a great horse does—he sends you to the history books and the record books. That is the penalty of greatness.

If I were asked to choose a first eleven from the long roll of famous horses in British turf history, then I would choose Eclipse, West Australian, Galopin, Ormonde, St. Simon, Isinglass, Hurry On, Bahram, Tulyar, Pretty Polly and Sceptre. The last two were fillies, the others colts, and all of them were bred in the British Isles.

That is not a list that will please everybody by any means. I suspect that many would wish to include Flying Childers, who was reputed to have galloped a mile in a minute. That, of course, is quite fantastic. Flying Childers was foaled in 1715 and raced only twice, winning both with the greatest of ease. About Eclipse, who was foaled in 1764 during the eclipse, there would not, I think, be much argument. He was not raced until he was five years old—this was due largely to a savage temper, so savage a temper that at one time it was thought that he would have to be gelded—but once he started racing he was never beaten. There can be no doubt that Eclipse was the greatest horse of the eighteenth century.

But with West Australian there is bound to be some argument. If you read the contemporary authorities, you will find that a number of them considered Bay Middleton a better horse. It is true that Bay Middleton was unbeaten, whereas West Australian could only finish second in his first race. But Bay Middleton raced only as a three-year-old; West Australian raced also at four years. Moreover, "The West" was the first winner of the Triple Crown, and he also won the Ascot Gold Cup, and that is a record that speaks for itself, and one that Bay Middleton cannot approach.

Galopin was a small horse: so small and ordinary in looks that he was bought by Prince Batthyany for only 520 guineas on John Dawson's advice. He won the Derby of 1875 and was the first good horse that the Prince owned. Prince Gustavus Batthyany was a Hungarian who came to England in 1843 and stayed because he liked our racing and our horses. He was himself a dashing rider, though he never managed to win a race, and until he bought Galopin he spent a great deal more money on the turf than he ever saw back. Galopin brought luck to the bright green jacket, and when his racing days were over proved himself a mighty sire.

It was Galopin who sired St. Simon. And that is fame enough. So much so, indeed, that it is usually forgotten that he also sired Donovan, winner of the Derby and the St. Leger (and a horse that many would put into the first eleven), and that his stock won nearly 500 races and more than £250,000, which was very big money for those days.

Prince Batthyany knew that he had a great horse in St. Simon, and believed that he would see his colours win the Triple Crown. But at the Newmarket Spring Meeting of 1883 he dropped dead in the stand while the race for the Two Thousand Guineas was being run. That race was won by Galliard, who was a son of Galopin, and it was to see him win that the Prince had come. The news spread like wildfire over the course. Everybody knew what it meant. It meant that the nominations of every horse of his breeding for the Classics was void. That very unfair rule has long since been abolished, but it meant then that St. Simon could not run in the Classics of 1884.

And so we do not know the full worth of St. Simon on the race-course. There has long been argument as to whether he or Ormonde was the greater race-horse. Fred Archer rode them both, and is reported to have said that St. Simon was the better, but if he did say that he did not say it in public, and he was by no means averse to saying what he thought.

St. Simon was a rather small horse with very strong quarters and almost exaggeratedly sloped shoulders. He was also very bad-tempered, a characteristic often to be found in great race-horses. He ran nine times, won both the Ascot Gold Cup and the Goodwood Cup, and was unbeaten. He seems to have been just as good at seven furlongs as at two miles, and he was never extended: he simply ran away from his opponents.

ST. SIMON RAN NINE TIMES AND WAS UNBEATEN: He was a very bad-tempered thoroughbred, but revelled in his work on a race-course and seemingly at all distances. He simply ran away with all his races.

FRED ARCHER ON ORMONDE: The champion jockey of his day on the colt which came to be described as the perfect racing machine. Ormonde won the Two Thousand Guineas in such masterly fashion that from then until the end of his career he always started at odds-on. Fred Archer won the Derby five times, and knew every yard of the Epsom Course.

Ormonde was bred by the first Duke of Westminster. It was in 1874 that the Duke gave Robert Peck £14,000 for Doncaster, the Derby winner of the year before, and shook the racing world by doing so. Doncaster got Bend Or, a Derby winner, and Bend Or got Ormonde, who was himself the sire of Orme, the sire of Flying Fox. Ormonde, a big bay, was about as unlike St. Simon as possible. He has been described as the perfect racing machine. Ormonde won the Two Thousand Guineas in such masterly fashion that from that time until the end of his career, and he was unbeaten, he always started at odds-on. He won the Triple Crown, and between the Derby and the St. Leger he won races over a mile and

C. Boucher's Wilwyn, with E. Mercer in the saddle, winning the international 2 mins. 30⅘ secs. Finishing second is the American horse Ruhe, and third, country Wilwyn has never been considered quite in the top class (although having an impressive Club handicapper considered him to be 15 lb. inferior to last year's Derby winner, Last year Wilwyn failed in this race behind Supreme Court and Zucchero after running e in this country has brought off for many years. He has a total of sixteen victories.

ISINGLASS, THE TRIPLE CROWN WINNER OF 1893: Isinglass was always under-estimated during his racing career, and even to-day he is not always accorded the acknowledgment his feats would seem to deserve.

a mile-and-a-half on successive days at Ascot. As a four-year-old he repeated this performance, and in the first of these races, that over a mile, he gave 25 *lb.* to Kilwarlin (who was to win the St. Leger later that year) and beat him by *six lengths*.

Judging by race-course performance alone, I cannot help but think that Orme de was a greater horse than St. Simon. But at the stud he was almost a complete failure. True, he got Orme, but that was really all, and he was sold abroad, the Duke being afraid that he might hand on his "roarer" weakness. Orme, his son, was almost impotent and a total failure at the stud. But St. Simon has had a greater effect on British thoroughbred breeding than any other single stallion. There can be no doubt that, all round, St. Simon was the greater horse.

Isinglass seems always to be forgotten when men remember the great among race-horses. And it was just the same during his racing career. Isinglass was another such as Bahram and Tulyar, by no means a striking horse to look at, very quiet tempered, and determined not to do more than was absolutely necessary. But Isinglass won the Triple Crown, and as a four-year-old won the Princess of Wales Stakes at the Newmarket July Meeting, the Eclipse Stakes and the Jockey Club Stakes, and as a five-year-old he won the Ascot Gold Cup in the manner of a real champion.

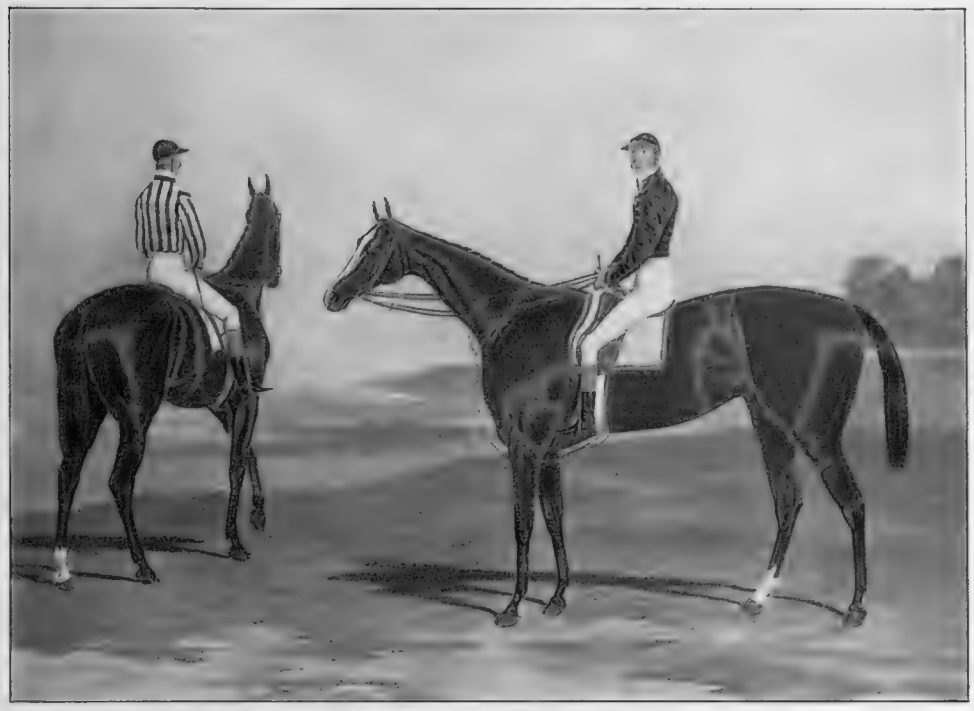
With Hurry On we come to modern times. Hurry On, by Marcovil, was foaled in 1913. He was not raced as a two-year-old, but won all his six races as a three-year-old, the only season in which he did race. He was a huge horse, and he stood out from his contemporaries as distinctly as did Man-o'-War among his contemporaries in American racing. Man-o'-War is acknowledged to be the greatest horse in the history of American racing. One cannot claim a similar distinction for Hurry On in the history of British racing. But it must be remembered that he ran at a most unfortunate time, and there is really no saying what he would have done had his racing career been normal. What can be said is that not only was he unbeaten, but that in all his races he was never for even so much as a stride headed.

Of Sceptre and Pretty Polly there can not be the slightest doubt. These are the two greatest race-mares in the history of the British Turf. Sceptre, by Persimmon out of Ornament by Bend Or, was bred by the Duke of Westminster and sold at his death for 10,000 guineas as a yearling. She was a big bay mare, and of a very excitable temper, but a most determined racer. Beaten once as a two-year-old, she went on to win every classic race except the Derby, in which she finished fourth to Ard Patrick. Her three-year-old career started in March, when she finished second in the Lincolnshire (who would dream of entering a classic horse in its third year for the Lincoln nowadays?) and, in addition to the classics, she also won the St. James's Palace Stakes and the Nassau Stakes.

Pretty Polly won all her nine two-year-old races, most of them by fantastic distances, and as a three-year-old the One Thousand Guineas, the Oaks and the St. Leger, as well as the Coronation Stakes, the Nassau Stakes and the Park Hill Stakes. As a four-year-old she won all her five races, and as a five-year-old she won the Coronation Cup (for the second time) and finished second to Bachelor's Button in the Ascot Gold Cup.

And Pretty Polly brings us back to Tulyar. Tulyar's sire, Tehran, descends from Miranda, who was Pretty Polly's daughter.

I can well believe that Tulyar's great year will bring other names to many people, perhaps another eleven altogether. The temptation, of course, is to include popular horses rather than great ones. Old Brown Jack, for example, knocks hard at the door. There is Sun Chariot, fresh in our minds, and The Tetrarch and Tetratema, Mumtaz Mahal and Mahmoud—the list is endless, and the fun comes in trying to sort them out. No matter what your eleven, I believe that you will find it impossible not to include Tulyar.



WEST AUSTRALIAN, A TRIPLE CROWN WINNER, WITH FRANK BUTLER IN THE SADDLE: It was Butler's fine riding which gave West Australian his Derby victory by a neck in 1853. In the same year West Australian won the Two Thousand Guineas and the St. Leger. Of Butler's finishing it has been said that he bore down like a sparrowhawk among the pigeons.

TWO FAMOUS SIRES: Galopin (*left*) and Hurry On (*right*), whose names both appear in Tulyar's fine pedigree. Galopin sired St. Simon, also Donovan, winner of the Derby and St. Leger. Hurry On was brilliant both on the race-course and as a sire. He won all his six races.

MEDWAY WAS ONE OF THE SURPRISES OF 1952: This fine stayer won the Goodwood Cup and the Queen Alexandra Stakes, thus aiding and abetting the good work of Tulyar in warning the French invaders that British bloodstock is in the ascendant.

BAHRAM, THE TRIPLE CROWN WINNER OF 1935, WITH FREDDIE FOX IN THE SADDLE: Bahram was a generous performer, and quite one of the best thoroughbreds of modern times. The colt started a very hot favourite for the Derby and backers had no qualms during the race.

THE DERBY WINNERS OF 1929 AND 1939: *Left*—Trigo being led in after his win. Trigo was an example of lucky breeding, yielding his owner, Mr. Barnett, a Belfast corn merchant, a rich harvest—£30,000 in stakes in a year. *Right*—Lord Rosebery's Blue Peter, one of the best winners between the wars. The war prevented the colt adding the St. Leger to his successes.

JOCKEYSHIP IN TULYAR'S YEAR

Smirke, by His Brilliant Riding, Helped in the Achievement of a Great Racing Record—Richards, the Persisting Champion, and Some Notable Newcomers

By JOHN HISLOP

ONE of the aspects of jockeyship which usually puzzles the layman most is the modern practice of riding with short stirrup-leathers, its origin and its object.

Like many inventions, the present-day racing seat is the result of accident rather than design. It began in America in the last century, when racing men noticed that horses ridden by negro boys crouching on their necks, with their knees drawn up towards the withers, often beat those ridden by white men in the recognised manner, with long stirrups. The same horses, when afterwards ridden in the ordinary way, as often as not failed to run so well. Gradually, white jockeys began to copy this strange style of riding, and so effective did it prove that it soon became the established racing seat in America, though as yet unheard of in England.

The reason for the negro boys discovering it was that they seldom had anything more than a blanket upon which to ride and, having no saddle or stirrups, they found out by trial and error that it was easier to ride at speed by crouching up the horse's neck, taking their weight on their knees and keeping their seats off the horse's back, than by sitting upright in the middle of his back.

JOHN HISLOP, THE AUTHOR OF THIS ARTICLE, SEEN WITH TWO OF HIS FELLOW AMATEUR RIDERS: Mr. Hislop (right) with Peter Richards (left), the son of the champion jockey Gordon Richards, and Mr. Pett Cooper. Peter Richards is rapidly establishing a reputation for brilliance on the Irish Turf.

The advantage of the new seat over the old is twofold. It decreases wind-resistance and it places the centre of gravity of the jockey directly over that of the horse, thus making it easier for the latter to carry his rider's weight than if it was behind his centre of gravity.

The first impact of the new method hit English racing during the two or three years covering the end of the nineteenth century and the beginning of the twentieth. At that time, a number of American jockeys came over to ride in England, the most notable of them being the remarkable Tod Sloan.

Their first appearance on English race-courses excited only derision, and comments to the effect that they looked like so many monkeys. But the astonishing success of horses ridden in this manner soon caused most of the critics to change their opinions, and it was not long before many of the leading English jockeys were adopting the new style. Comparison of pictures of Tod Sloan and other American jockeys of that time with present-day riders is interesting, for, by our standards, they rode with quite long stirrup-leathers, though, of course, far shorter than their English contemporaries. It is probable that their success was not due entirely to the adjusted balance of the centre of gravity, and the decrease of wind resistance, but also to the American method of running races from start to finish, as opposed to the English style of dawdling for the first part of the journey and sprinting the last couple of furlongs. By the application of their methods, the Americans were often able to steal a march on the English jockeys, who thought that horses sent out with a long lead would be sure to come back to them, which quite frequently did not happen.

Thus, modern English jockeyship can be said to date from about 1900. Though the basic principles of the methods introduced then have remained, they have been modified according to individual taste and circumstances. Jockeys ride with shorter stirrup-leathers than did Sloan and the other exponents of his style of riding at that time, but they still prefer riding a waiting race to going from start to finish, though the whole speed at which races are now run is much faster than formerly.

The Englishman is an individualist, particularly in the matter of style, and while most foreign jockeys ride more or less to the same pattern, according to the country to which they belong, hardly two English jockeys ride alike. The advantage of the rather elastic school of English jockeyship is that it is very adaptable, and most English jockeys of proved ability can hold their own in any country, while the same cannot always be said for foreign riders, only the Australians having ever cut much ice as riders in this country in the last half-century.

Modern English jockeyship was at its height in the '20's. Then Steve Donoghue, Joe Childs, Charlie Elliott, Tommy Weston, Gordon Richards, Brownie Carslake, Michael Beary, Harry Wragg, Frank Bullock, Charlie Smirke, Bobby Jones and others were all to the fore, some as experienced jockeys, others as young men who showed early brilliance—as fine a bunch of riders as one could wish to find. Carslake and Bullock were Australians, but had modified their style to suit English conditions, and it would probably be correct to say that they were more truly representative of English jockeyship than of Australian.

In most foreign countries race-courses are far more similar to each other than in England, where they differ greatly in individual characteristics. The intricacies of the gradients, contours and bends of some of our tracks demand considerable skill in balancing certain types of horses, and the style of riding with very short reins, so popular abroad, is not always suitable to them, for which reason most English jockeys ride with a fairly long rein, however else their styles may differ in other respects.

It may seem strange that there are comparatively few outstanding young jockeys at the present time as compared to the '20's, but the circumstances under which the art of jockeyship is learnt now have changed a great deal since pre-war days. Then, the labour situation in racing stables was easier, boys left school at an earlier age, and there was no compulsory military service. As a result, trainers could give more time to teaching their apprentices, instructing them first in the elements of riding as the layman knows it, and then, when they had become reasonably proficient in the basic principles, taking them on to the next stage of adapting themselves to the racing seat and riding fast work.

In this way, if they possessed a measure of natural aptitude, they were able to develop reasonably good hands, a fairly secure seat, and the ability to execute adequate control over, and obedience from, any normal race-horse.

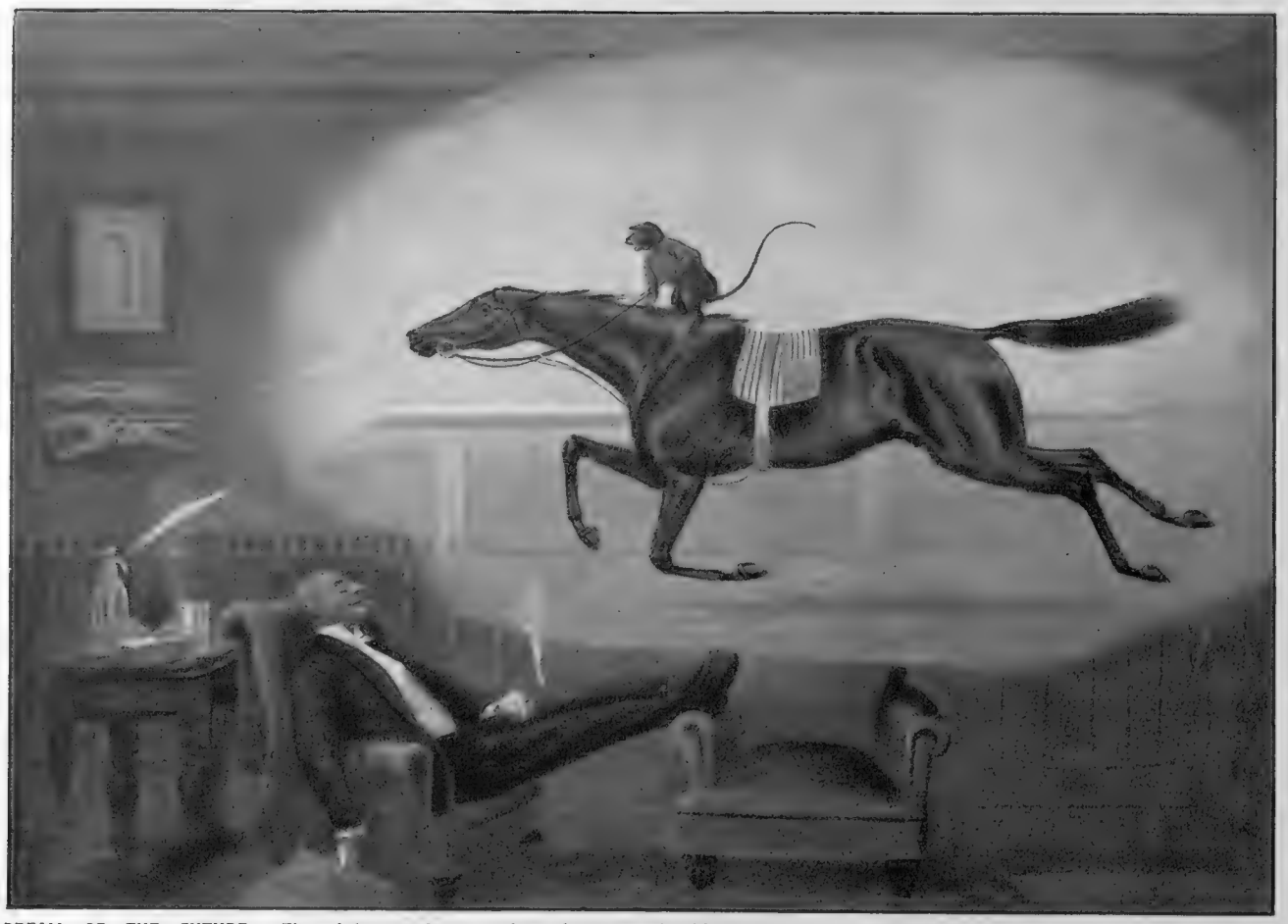
Nowadays, a boy's education as a jockey is rushed from start to finish. He comes into a stable at a later age, and no sooner is he capable of riding a horse at all than he is put on to a race-horse—not because he is able to ride one properly, but because the trainer is probably so short of labour that it is his only means of getting the horse exercised—and before he is anything like the finished article, he is called up for military service. Consequently, unless a boy is a "natural," or has been taught to ride as a child, or has both a measure of ability and is given intensive and able tuition, it is unlikely that he will approach the standard of any of the riders named above.

This is a state of affairs which does not seem easy to remedy, but which may eventually have a serious effect upon the breed of the race-horse, for if a horse cannot be properly ridden, he cannot be properly trained, and since the best horses are by no means always the most tractable—St. Simon was one—it is more than possible that a good horse might be lost to posterity because the most could not be made of him. Luckily, the race-horse seems to be more amenable nowadays than he was a generation or two ago.

The situation is brought home by the fact that in 1952 Gordon Richards, who first headed the list of winning jockeys in 1925, is still at the top of the tree, while Charlie Smirke and Charlie Elliott, who had also reached the top flight by the '20,s, remain two of the best jockeys riding to-day.

A law unto himself, Gordon Richards is as brilliant and indefatigable in 1952 as he was nearly thirty years ago. In fact, he is probably an even better jockey now, especially in high-class races, as his judgment is more mature and he has developed the ability to ride a waiting race, which as a younger man was not one of his points.

His vigour and style of riding in a finish, with his body nearly upright and



DREAM OF THE FUTURE: The clubman dozes and conjures up in his mind a picture of what racing might become. This drawing, by Percy Earl, was published by Fores in 1900, at a time when American jockeys were invading the British Turf with their new and revolutionary methods, among them Tod Sloan, the ablest exponent of the transatlantic crouch.

THREE JOCKEYS WHO PLAYED NOTABLE PARTS IN THE RACING SEASON OF 1952: *Left*—Lester Piggott, the most successful apprentice, who finished fifth in the 1952 jockeys' championship, having 79 winners. Some people thought he was unlucky not to win the Derby on Gay Time, but Tulyar's later performances showed that he had much in hand. This winter Piggott will ride in Greece, thus gaining further experience. *Centre*—E. Mercer, who had 90 winners and was third in the list of jockeys. He has a most promising future. His victory on Wilwyn in America stamped him as a jockey with a cool temperament. *Right*—Gordon Richards on Daneshill. This year he was champion jockey for the twenty-fifth time, and he had no fewer than 231 winners. In two years or so he will doubtless achieve his 5,000th winner.

often half-turned round, is unchanged, but he rides with noticeably longer stirrup-leathers than he did in the early days—the same can be said of Charlie Elliott—which, however, appears to produce exactly the same results, for he remains a virtually unchallenged champion. One race stills eludes him—the Derby. At the beginning of the 1952 season there seemed a reasonable hope that he might win it, but as each of his prospective mounts were found wanting these hopes vanished, and he finally rode Monarch More, who was not good enough to carry him into the first three. Perhaps 1953 will at last bring him a change of luck. It is often said that Gordon Richards is not so good a rider of a stayer as of a sprinter, but the form book does not bear this out, as he has won the St. Leger on more than one occasion, and almost every important long-distance race in the Calendar.

Had he not always had so much trouble with his weight, it is not unlikely that the jockey's championship might have fallen to Charlie Smirke in at least one season, for there have been few more brilliant riders, particularly in big races. For him, the 1952 season has been a notable one, chiefly on account of Tulyar, whom he has ridden to victory six times this year—Doug. Smith rode him when he won at Chester—including the Derby, St. Leger, Eclipse Stakes and the King George VI and the Queen Elizabeth Stakes. In the last-named race Smirke wasted down to 8 st. 6 lb., but in spite of this ordeal he was able to produce a broad grin as he passed the winning-post. As opposed to Richards and Elliott, Smirke has maintained the same length of stirrup-leathers—he rides short for his size—during the whole of his career, and no matter how important the race or acute the situation, he never loses his complete self-confidence and coolness. When winning the King George VI and the Queen Elizabeth Stakes at Ascot, though it is the most valuable race of the year, he was content to beat Piggott on Gay Time by only a neck, which he could probably have made a length had he wished, and though apparently inextricably shut in half-way up the straight in the St. Leger, he remained unperturbed, almost casually bringing Tulyar round to the outside to win with ease. Ever ready to take on all-comers, he has won a number of important races in France, including the Grand Prix de Paris and the Prix de l'Arc de Triomphe, and finished third in the international race at Laurel Park, U.S.A., on Zucchero, this year.

After Gordon Richards, the most successful jockeys in 1952 have been Doug. Smith, Manny Mercer, Eph. Smith, Lester Piggott, Edgar Britt, Billy Nevett and Ken Gethin. Of these, Nevett is the same generation as Richards, and might aptly be called the "Gordon Richards" of the North, since for many years he has been the most prominent figure among northern riders. His style of riding, with longish stirrup-leathers and fairly upright body, is slightly similar to that of the champion, and like the latter he is a very strong and effective finisher. When he comes south, he is always to be respected, and he has the distinction of having ridden three Derby winners, Owen Tudor, Ocean Swell and Dante.

Eph. and Doug. Smith in age come between the veteran riders and the youngest established jockeys. They represent a fine blend of horsemanship and jockeyship, having learnt to ride in the hunting-field as boys, before entering a racing stable. Light, but strong for their weight, both made their name well before the war. Eph. won the Two Thousand Guineas and Derby on Blue Peter, and Doug. the One Thousand Guineas on Hypericum.

Ken Gethin is one of the best jockeys riding to-day. Of about the same vintage as the Smith brothers, he is a product of the Wootton school, of which his style of riding is typical—short stirrup-leathers, low crouch, straight back, toes and elbows in—and he has all the coolness and dash of that other eminent old-Woottonian, Charlie Smirke. His two most important successes in 1952 were on Zabara and Richer.

THE FIRST VISCOUNT CHAPLIN, A PILLAR OF THE TURF: Lord Chaplin, as the owner of Hermit, won the notable Derby which wrecked the fortunes of Lord Hastings. Chaplin was one of the outstanding patrons of the Turf in the nineteenth century.

An Australian, Edgar Britt began riding in England during the war, and soon became one of the most successful lightweight jockeys in the country. Though he has never changed over to the English style of riding—he rides with extremely short stirrup-leathers and reins—he always has his horses well balanced and running kindly. He is sometimes criticised for being a weak finisher, but horses ridden by him seldom go any better for other jockeys, which suggests that the average race-horse will do his best without being hit hard or often—or even without being hit at all. He won the 1952 Oaks on Frieze, his previous classic victories being on Musidora in the One Thousand Guineas and Oaks, and on Black Tarquin and Sayajirao in the St. Leger.

Manny Mercer and Lester Piggott are outstanding among the young riders in 1952, being the only two post-war products to reach the leading half-dozen jockeys this season. Mercer is ideally built for his profession and has a beautiful style, suggestive of that of Charlie Elliott, which is understandable, as Elliott helped to teach him when he was riding for George Colling, to whom Mercer was apprenticed. His most notable achievement in 1952 was his victory in the International race at Laurel Park, U.S.A., on Wilwyn, and apart from riding ninety winners in England, he has also ridden successfully for M. M. Boussac in France.

Lester Piggott is less fortunate in his build than Mercer, as he is tall and may eventually become too heavy to ride on the flat. As a result, his style is not so attractive as that of Mercer's, but he is a very good jockey, having a fine natural tactical sense and great dash.

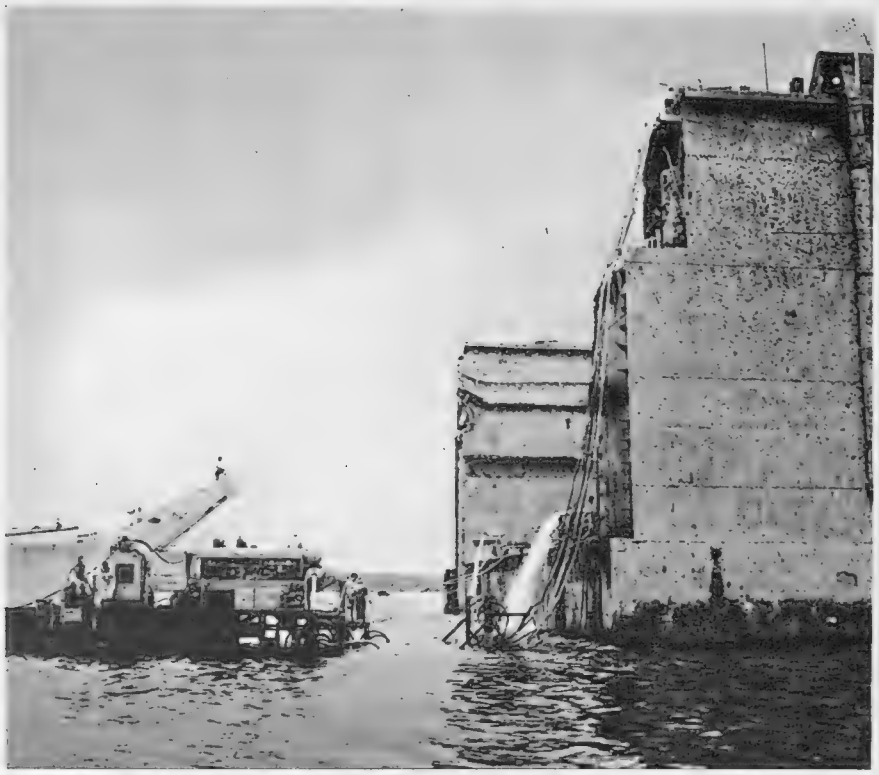
Like all branches of racing, jockeyship has been affected by the war, but there are signs that the situation is improving, and though conditions may never enable the Turf to evolve so many first-class riders in one era as was the case in the '20's, the appearance of such as Mercer and Piggott shows that the present can produce at least two young jockeys comparable to the best of their seniors, and suggests that others may emerge.

THE CHANGING STIRRUP-LINE: *Left*—Tod Sloan with the shorter leathers, which surprised the racing world at the turn of the century. Sloan's appearance on the English Turf at first excited derision, until he began to ride winners. *Right*—Fred Archer riding in the conventional style, which obtained before Sloan's day, but was outmoded in quick time by the Americans.

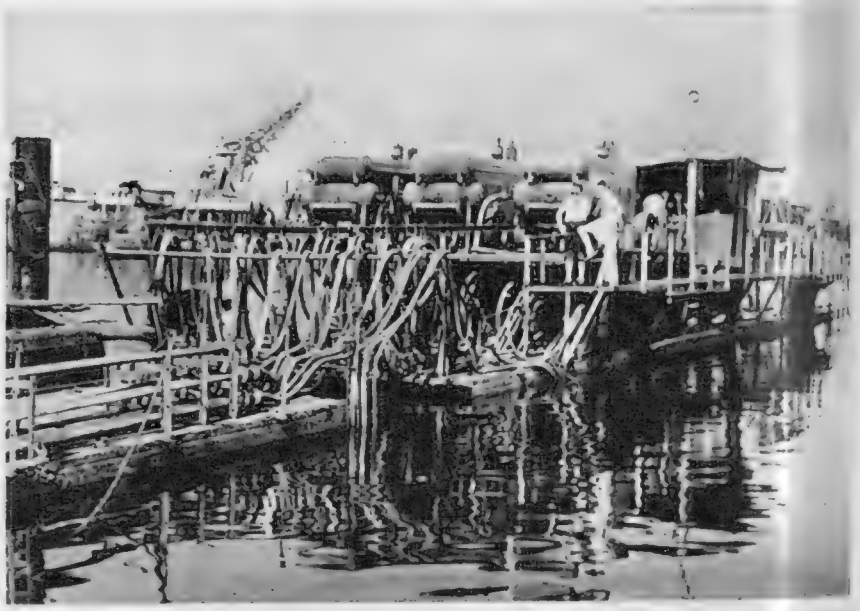
HALF OF THE GIANT SINGAPORE FLOATING DOCK, WHICH, WHEN IN JAPANESE HANDS, WAS SUNK BY AMERICAN BOMBERS DURING THE SECOND WORLD WAR, SEEN AFTER IT HAD RECENTLY BEEN RAISED FROM JOHORE STRAIT AFTER 1,000,000 CUB. FT. OF AIR HAD BEEN PRESSED INTO THE TANKS WHICH FORM THE BOTTOM OF THE DOCK AND PART OF HER SIDES : This major engineering operation is only half complete, as the second half of the dock still lies in the Strait. The dock was cut in two by divers using oxy-acetylene apparatus, as it was deemed impossible to raise the whole dock at once. The refloated sections will eventually be towed to Britain for use as scrap.

SINGAPORE'S FLOATING DOCK IS BEING SALVED

A MAJOR OPERATION IN JOHORE STRAIT BY THE BOOM DEFENCE AND SALVAGE DEPARTMENT OF THE ADMIRALTY



WHERE THE DOCK WAS SEVERED : This picture of the raised portion shows the point at which divers cut through the steelwork with oxy-acetylene equipment. Before raising operations could be begun divers had to replace buckled plates and generally repair the leaky tanks, which were to be filled with compressed air.



COMPRESSED AIR EQUIPMENT MOUNTED ON THE DOCK WALL AS PUMPING OPERATIONS WERE BEGUN TO RAISE THE FIRST HALF OF THE SUNKEN DOCK : It was impossible to use the original pipe lines employed for blowing the tanks when the dock was in use, and this added considerably to the engineering problem confronting the men of the Boom Defence and Salvage Department of the Admiralty. The officer in charge of salvage is Mr. R. Brammall, who has had two assistants. During the critical stage in the operation a visit to Singapore was made by the Director of the Boom Defence and Marine Salvage Department of the Admiralty.

On left—
THE RAISED SECTION OF THE DOCK AFTER IT HAD BEEN TRIMMED : In part of the upper structure can be seen the results of bombing. The dock was sunk for the first time by the British when Singapore fell, and after being raised and put into use by the Japanese it was sunk for a second time by American aircraft. On the second occasion a Japanese ship went down with the dock.

WORKING ON THE SLIPPERY SLOPE OF THE RAISED DOCK: After years beneath the surface of Johore Strait the dock was covered with marine growths, and those who were engaged in trimming the craft found their task much hampered by the slippery nature of the surface. The dock was at one time capable of accommodating the biggest ships in Far Eastern waters. It was towed out from England and placed in position in 1928 to be available for use pending the completion of the 1,000-ft. graving dock opened in 1938.

The salvage operations in Johore Strait, Singapore, where the great floating dock is being brought to the surface, the first half of it being already salved, calls to mind the critical years between the wars when Singapore was chosen as the key point in Commonwealth defence and plans were laid for the great £9,000,000 naval base, which was to be the focal point of our strength in Far Eastern waters. While engineers at Seletor, on the north-east coast of Singapore Island, were slowly but surely tackling their task of excavating 8,000,000 cub. yards of earth, of filling in the swamps, razing hills and constructing wharves and barracks on land provided by the Straits Settlements, it was decided to send from England the great floating dock to accommodate shipping until such time as the 1,000-ft. graving dock at the naval base was completed. This graving dock was, in fact, not opened until 1938, and so for ten years the floating dock, towed so laboriously from England, played a major part in securing our defences.

The reason for the strengthening of these defences was not far to seek. Prior to 1922 there was really no need for a Singapore base. Japan was our ally, drawing her strength and building up her navy. Her claim to be regarded as a Great Power was founded in part on British encouragement and co-operation. But 1922 saw the termination of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance—a step taken in deference to the wishes of America—and, of course, without that alliance with Japan there was no guarantee that a threat to British interests in the Far East might not develop. The construction of the naval base at Singapore was actually approved in 1922, but there were considerable delays, for the work did not go smoothly. Thus it was that in 1928 the famous floating dock came into the picture.

How long the present task of salvage will take place is not known, but the Boom Defence and Salvage Department of the Admiralty has certainly done a fine job with the first section, and before long we can expect to see this section heading towards England by way of Suez and the Mediterranean, with powerful tugs to shepherd her on her way.

On *right*—THE ADMIRALTY SALVAGE VESSEL "SALVICTOR" STANDS BY AS PART OF THE DOCK REARS TO THE SURFACE: The whole operation went without a hitch. Now comes the task of raising the second section of the great dock.

Where East Meets West

IN GERMANY

The Struggle Between Refugees and the "People's Police"

The Reception at the Russian Embassy in Washington

RED ARMY INSTRUCTORS FOR EAST GERMANY'S "NATIONAL ARMY": This picture, smuggled from a town in East Germany, shows Red Army instructors, wearing forage caps, chatting with young Germans, two of whom (in the centre) are wearing the uniform of the Freie Deutsche Jugend, the Free German Youth Organisation. According to reports in the East German newspapers, 1,000 Soviet instructors have been assigned to the "National Army," formerly called the People's Police. The instructors, it is said, are to "supervise all instructions issued by the East German Department of Defence."

FUGITIVES FROM A COMMUNIST SLAVE LABOUR CAMP: These three men, talking to a West Berlin policeman, are seen wearing the convict uniforms in which they fled from the Communist State Security Ministry labour camp in the East Berlin Hohenschonhausen district. Their names are reported as (from left to right) Heinz von Segern, a carpenter, Kurt Starke, an engineer, and Adolf Ruttner, also a carpenter. All three had been serving twenty-five-year terms of imprisonment on charges of espionage, which they had denied. The picture was taken when the three men re-enacted their arrival at the West Berlin border for the benefit of newspapermen. This is but one of many remarkable escapes by Germans living in the Communist Zone. The stream of fugitives never ceases and the authorities are faced with the perennial problem of deciding whether they are genuine refugees or Communist spies.

THE SCENE DURING A RECEPTION AT THE RUSSIAN EMBASSY IN WASHINGTON: Guests fill their plates from a lavishly set table during the annual diplomatic party in celebration of the Soviet revolution of 1917.

On right—

A LABOUR HERO FLEES FROM THE RUSSIAN ZONE: Willy Knoblauch, a locksmith in the Russian-occupied nitrogen plant at Piesteritz, in East Germany, is seen with a letter from the East German Premier, Otto Grotewohl, congratulating him on the honours he had received from Communist authorities as a "Hero of Labour." But Willy, to use his own words, "was fed-up with the circus over there" and had presented himself in West Berlin as a refugee. His wife and children were able to join him there later.

On left—

WEST GERMAN POLICE WATCHING A PATROL OF THE COMMUNIST FRONTIER GUARD ON THE SKYLINE OF THE EAST GERMAN BORDER: The patrol is on the look-out for German refugees seeking to cross into Western Germany at this point. It is said that these East German guards are quite ruthless in their methods, using their fire-arms at the least provocation.

On right—

A MOUNTED PATROL OF THE EAST GERMAN FRONTIER GUARD SEARCHING FOR FUGITIVES: These men have earned a reputation of shooting first and asking questions afterwards. They are the terror not only of fugitives from East Germany, but also of the foresters and farmers whose occupations take them near the no-man's land separating the Eastern and Western Zones of Germany.

THE WEDDING OF "THIS YEAR'S PRETTIEST DEBUTANTE"

Captain Viscount Melgund Marries Lady Caroline Child-Villiers at St. James's, Spanish Place, at a Ceremony Lasting Only Seven Minutes

THE BRIDE AND BRIDEGROOM BEING PIPED FROM ST. JAMES'S, SPANISH PLACE, AFTER THEIR SEVEN-MINUTE WEDDING CEREMONY: Viscount Melgund, eldest son of the Earl and Countess of Minto, of Melgund, Hawick, Roxburgh, and the former Lady Caroline Child-Villiers, daughter of the Earl of Jersey and Mrs. Robin Filmer Wilson, seen as they passed the guard of honour formed by Warrant Officers and N.C.O.s of the Scots Guards. Hundreds of guests attended the wedding ceremony, at which Father Patrick Casey officiated, and the reception which was held at Londonderry House. The bride was attended by two pages, two child bridesmaids and five grown-up bridesmaids. She wore a gown of white satin with a long train and a long tulle veil held in place with a diamond tiara, and carried a bouquet of white flowers. Lady Caroline has been described as the "prettiest debutante of the year."

A PAGE ESCORTS A YOUNG BRIDESMAID: Four-year-old Viscount Villiers, stepbrother of the eighteen-year-old bride, dressed in a replica of the dress uniform of the Scots Guards of 1829, walks hand-in-hand with four-year-old Sarah Chetwode, niece of the bridegroom.

THE DUCHESS OF GLOUCESTER ARRIVES FOR THE CEREMONY: Her Royal Highness is seen as she left her car outside St. James's and was greeted before entering the church for the ceremony. A large crowd gathered to welcome the guests and again as the bride and bridegroom left the church.

THE BRIDAL ATTENDANTS LEAVING THE CHURCH: The two pages, Viscount Villiers and Christopher Clark (nephew of the bridegroom), escorting Sarah Chetwode and Susan More-O'Ferrall, who wore white tulle frocks with red velvet sashes, and red velvet ribbons in their hair. *On right*—The five older bridesmaids, Sarah Wilson (half-sister of the bride), Lady Mary Baillie-Hamilton (cousin of the bridegroom), Lady Annabel Stewart, the Hon. Sara Long, and Miss Tess d'Erlanger, who were in white satin dresses with red velvet sashes and head-dresses of red velvet ribbon.

A SURVEY OF THE HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

Airliners for Export; a Spectacular Air Crash; the Commonwealth Conference; Guides for London in Coronation Year; Mosaics at the National Gallery; and Other Items of Home News

The £4,100,000 contract for fifteen Vickers Viscount aircraft, placed by Trans-Canada Air Lines last week, was the second largest dollar order placed in this country since the war. It is exceeded only by Canadian Pacific's recent £4,640,000 order for a new liner. Deliveries of the Viscounts are scheduled to begin in September 1954 and are to be completed by April of the following year. The Viscounts, which will be the first turbine-engined aircraft to operate in North America, are to be specially modified to Trans-Canada Air Lines requirements for use in the severe Canadian winters. Each will carry forty-eight passengers and will operate on all Trans-Canada's main inter-city routes, including the important links between Canada and the United States. As Air Chief Marshal Sir Guy Garrod, chairman of the Air League of the British Empire, said later last week, the world market for the sale of transport aircraft is now "wide open" to Britain, and the fact that the present order was secured in the face of strong American competition is yet another indication that this country leads the world in the design and production of civil aircraft.

VISCOUNT AIRSCREW-TURBINE AIRLINERS UNDER CONSTRUCTION AT THE VICKERS-ARMSTRONGS FACTORY AT WEYBRIDGE, SURREY: It was announced in London last week that Trans-Canada Air Lines has signed a contract with Vickers-Armstrongs for fifteen Viscount aircraft, an order valued at about £4,100,000.

THE WRECKAGE OF THE R.A.F. VALETTA TRANSPORT WHICH CRASHED AFTER COLLIDING WITH A VENOM JET-FIGHTER ABOVE BOSCOMBE DOWN, SALISBURY, LAST WEEK: Although the transport was smashed to pieces, backward-facing seats saved the nine Army passengers, only one of whom was injured. All four of the R.A.F. crew, who were facing forward, were injured, three of them seriously. The pilot of the Venom fighter was thrown 25 ft. from his plane and killed as it hit the ground and burst into flames. Backward-facing seats as a measure to reduce casualties in aircraft crashes have long been advocated, and all R.A.F. transports are now fitted in this way. The results have been spectacular. Twenty-six passengers in an R.A.F. Hastings which crashed in North Africa in January 1951 were saved because they were facing the plane's tail. For the same reason twenty-nine passengers in another Hastings which crashed in Tripolitania last December escaped with only bruises, and four months ago sixty-four soldiers travelling in a Hermes scrambled unhurt from the wreckage after their plane crashed in France.

THE FIRST OF TWENTY-FIVE DIESEL-ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVES WHICH ARE BEING BUILT IN THIS COUNTRY FOR CEYLON: The locomotive was driven out of the assembly shop at Brush Bagnall Traction Limited works at Loughborough by the High Commissioner for Ceylon, Mr. E. A. P. Wijeyaratne. The High Commissioner formally received the locomotive from the chairman of the Brush A.B.O.E. group, Sir Ronald Matthews, during a ceremony at the works. The order for these locomotives is valued at over £1,000,000 and a special workshop has been built for their construction. Each weighs 87 tons and is powered by 1,000-h.p. engines.

On left—

SIR OSBERT SITWELL, WHO HAS LEFT FOR THE UNITED STATES WITH DR. EDITH SITWELL, HIS SISTER: Sir Osbert, sixty-year-old poet, essayist and novelist, will make recordings of some of his work during his visit to the U.S.A. Dr. Edith Sitwell is to write the script for a film of her book *Fanfare for Elizabeth*, a survey and panorama of the reign of the first Elizabeth.

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IRON from the FROZEN NORTH

The Iron-ore Deposits in the Far North of Sweden are Among the Most Valuable in Europe

From the beginning of the Second World War, German tankers carrying oil from Soviet Russia and German freighters carrying iron-ore from Narvik were sailing southwards inside Norwegian territorial waters. There they were safe from the British blockade, though, on one occasion, the crew of a British tramp, later sunk in the Battle of Narvik, were able to give vent to their rage by pelting a few of the Nazi vessels with frozen potatoes. It was the German determination to ensure iron supplies from Narvik and the British decision to terminate them that precipitated Norway into the war.

But the heavy and valuable rock carried in the ships from Narvik was not mined there. Narvik was, and is, the nearest convenient seaport for the Gellivara and Kiruna iron mines, which are situated in the far north of Sweden, some 600 miles from Stockholm. The iron deposits there are among the richest in all Europe, the ore at Kiruna having an iron content of up to 70 per cent., as compared with between 30 and 50 per cent. elsewhere. The ore is found in the Kirunavaara and the Luossavaara mountain ridges, well within the Arctic circle, where it has been mined in large quantities for over half-a-century.

The ore occurs in great outcrops in the mountains, and it is freed in vast quantities by drilling and blasting operations. The resulting masses of ore are crushed to make handling easier, dropped down a vertical shaft and transported by underground railway through the mountainside.

IRON-ORE EXCAVATIONS ON THE SNOW-COVERED KIRUNAVAARA RIDGE, IN NORTHERN SWEDEN: The mountain has been terraced by the excavators until it has lost its original shape altogether. The ore deposits here are among the richest in Europe and have been mined and quarried from the mountain in large quantities for over fifty years. Sweden produces about 5 per cent. of the world's total output of iron-ore, and over 85 per cent. of this is exported.

TR[illegible]-TRUNKS PILED AGAINST BUILDINGS IN THE KIRUNA IRON-ORE QUARRIES AS PROTECTION AGAINST BLAST: Charges of 25 tons of dynamite have been detonated during blasting operations at Kiruna, loosening up to 250,000 tons of ore in one giant bang.

THE CITY OF KIRUNA, IN THE HEART OF THE MINING DISTRICT: In the background, on the left, the quarried terraces of the Luossavaara ridge can be seen. Kiruna lies nearly 100 miles north of the Arctic circle. For most of the year this is a land of ice and snow, with temperatures always well below zero.

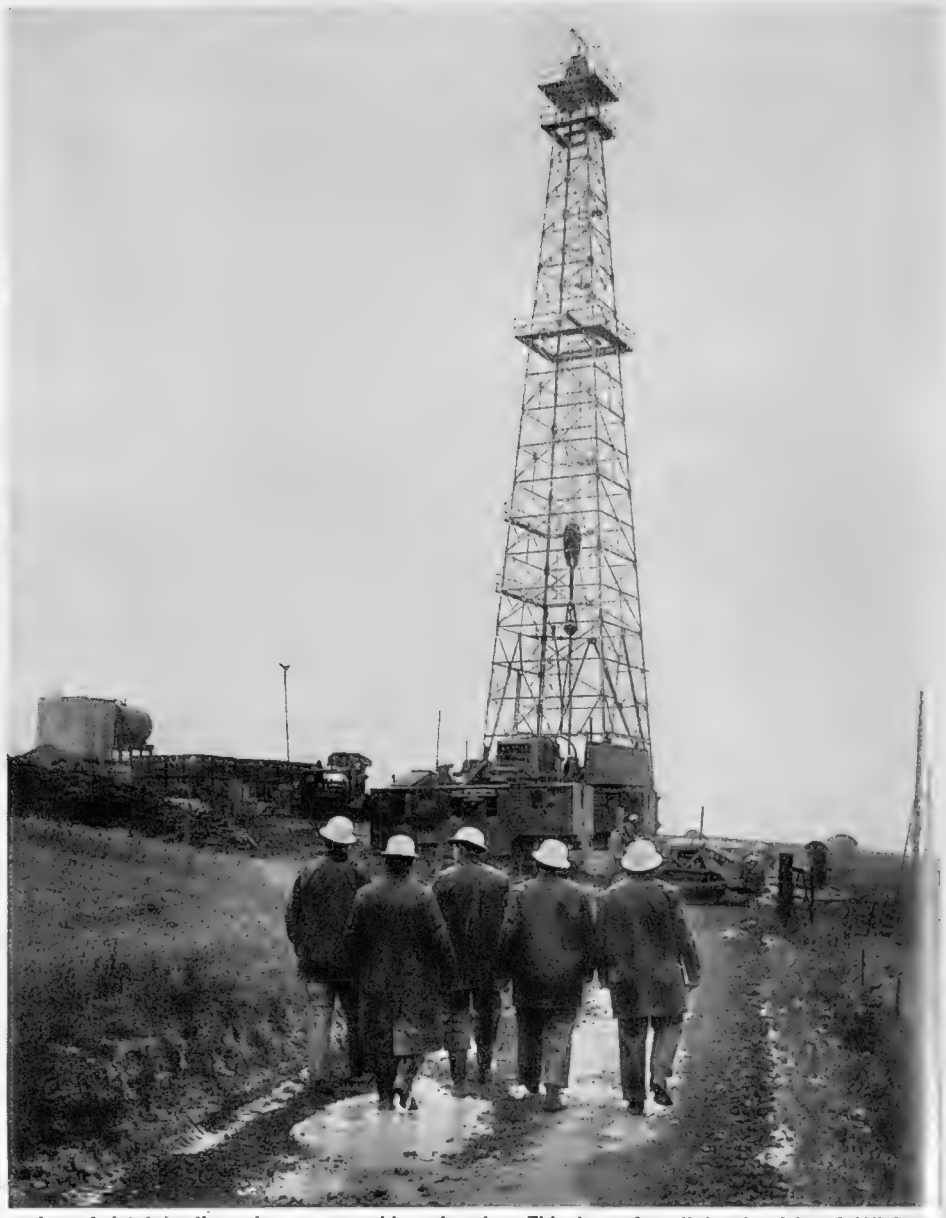
IRON-ORE WAGONS IN THE SIDINGS AT KIRUNA: Trains from here carry the precious ore, to Narvik, in Norway for shipping across the North Sea and Atlantic. Some ore also finds its way to ports on the Gulf of Bothnia and other parts of Sweden.

On right—

CRUSHED ORE WAITING TO BE TIPPED DOWN A SHAFT TO THE UNDERGROUND RAILWAY: The railway is far underground, so that as the excavations go deeper there will be no need to move it. The trucks are pulled through underground tunnels to the outside of the mountain at a lower level.

DRILLING FOR OIL IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT

A Subsidiary of Anglo-Iranian Pursues its Experiments on a Farm near Arreton, in the Centre of the Island



THE DRILLING RIG ON PERRETON FARM, NEAR ARRETON: *Left*—Riggers at work and (*right*) oil workers approaching the rig. This hunt for oil in the Isle of Wight being conducted by the D'Arcy Exploration Company, the prospecting subsidiary of the Anglo-Iranian Company, which began drilling on the farm last Octobe In the first three days the drilling bit reached a depth of 170 ft., and it has so far reached down over 1,750 ft. The well is drilled 12 ft. every eight hou

THE MECHANICS OF OIL DRILLING: *Left*—After changing the bit, the bore is once again made ready for action. *Right*—These 11¾-in. pipe-casings will line the drilled hole as it is sunk steadily beneath Perreton Farm. The decision to bore at this point in the Isle of Wight followed an elaborate seismic survey.

The D'Arcy Exploration Company officially began drilling for oil at Perreton Farm, Arreton, in the centre of the Isle of Wight, on October 13, and has now reached a depth of over 1,750 ft. Unofficially, the drillers sent the bit down 4 ft. the previous day as a more propitious date to start.

There are good hopes of striking oil. The D'Arcy organisation, founded by W. K. D'Arcy, the first oil concessionnaire in Persia in 1901, is the prospecting subsidiary of the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company. The Company already operates a small oilfield at Formby, in Lancashire; it has a larger group of oilfields in Nottinghamshire, and the present total petroleum production in the United Kingdom is 50,000 tons a year.

The drilling superintendent at Arreton is Mr. J. M. Gibson, second-in-command is Mr. G. A. Rae, and the resident geologist, who examines and keeps a record of the rock brought up as cores, is Mr. A. E. Pedder. All three have had wide experience in the Middle East. Ordinary thin mud is pumped down through the drill, and comes up again between it and the well casing to act as lubricant. Material brought to the surface by the re-emerging mud gives important information.

The 136-ft.-high drilling derrick being used was previously on exploration work at Formby. Power for drilling and pumping comes from three Diesel engines, total output 800 h.p., and the work goes on continuously, with teams on shifts night and day. Left stationary for any length of time, the drill could become set and immovable. The driller at the controls, and his assistant (the "roughneck") have a gang of labourers. Drilling will probably go on into June or July next year, and if necessary to a depth of 8,000 ft.

Drilling on the Isle of Wight has been planned for a number of years, since Anglo-Iranian first started a major programme in 1936. Oil-impregnated sandstones of the jurassic and cretaceous ages outcrop along the Dorset coast from Osmington Mills, where there is an oil seepage, to Warbarrow Bay, and also at Chilley, near Pevensey, in Sussex.

The first deep test in this area (roughly a semi-circle of 75 miles radius based on the Isle of Wight) was drilled in 1936-37 on Portsdown Hill, overlooking Portsmouth Harbour, on a strong anticline with upper cretaceous rocks at the surface. This bore-hole penetrated the entire jurassic succession, and ended in triassic rocks at 6,556 ft., finding small quantities of oil at one level only, in upper jurassic rocks. A second test, drilled at Henfield, in Sussex, encountered a little gas, but also passed through a thick jurassic succession without important oil shows. It ended at 5,105 ft. in carboniferous rocks. A disappointing feature of these tests was the poor development of reservoir beds, and regional considerations suggested a move northwards to Kingsclere, near Newbury, for the next test. This went down to 5,125 ft., but proved a succession similar, in thickness and lithology, to the bores near the coast, as did two wells drilled by other companies in the Weald. Except for shallower tests near the seepage areas of Dorset and Pevensey, operations then ceased.

Originally, drilling sites on the Isle of Wight suggested by geological survey, were on the edge of the sea and were not considered satisfactory. The site now being drilled was found by gravity survey and confirmed by seismic reflection survey—both geophysical methods. In a gravity survey, highly sensitive instruments measure the slight variations in the gravitational pull of the earth at various places. These forces are affected by the distribution of rocks of different density, and variations of readings indicate the presence of concealed structures.

By the seismic method, miniature artificial earthquakes are created by firing charges of explosives sunk in the ground, and the resultant waves are measured by seismic instruments at various pick-up points placed at some distance from the explosions. By the reflection of seismic waves from rock layers underground, the experts obtain structural information at depth.

If oil is found in the Isle of Wight it will be used in Britain. There will be no gusher. Oil in England usually has to be pumped out, and the familiar "nodding donkeys" of the Nottinghamshire oilfields are the counterbalanced beams of electric pumps doing this work. If there were sufficient pressure in the Isle of Wight for the oil to force itself to the surface unaided, the flow would be controlled by modern and efficient methods of engineering, and there would be no dramatic but wasteful eruption.

J. M.

DOGS AT OLYMPIA

A Record Entry of Over 7,000 at the Championship Show of the Ladies' Kennel Association

A GENERAL VIEW OF JUDGING IN PROGRESS DURING THE LADIES' KENNEL ASSOCIATION'S CHAMPIONSHIP DOG SHOW AT OLYMPIA, LONDON : Over 2,000 exhibitors made a record entry of 7,220 at the Show, with cocker spaniels maintaining their popularity. Other breeds with big entries were elkhounds, dachshunds, Labradors and miniature poodles. The Manchester terrier, once one of the most popular sporting terriers but which has recently almost vanished, returned to win two first prizes.

A YORKSHIRE TERRIER RESPLENDENT IN BOWS AND RIBBONS : This is Champion Winpal Henriella, owned by Miss A. E. Palmer, of Westerham Hill in Kent, awaiting the judges at Olympia.

JDY OF A CANINE HEAD : The profile of Simon of Garrigill, a fine Sealyham owned by Mr. E. F. White, of Horsham, seen at the Ladies' Kennel Association Championship Show.

AFGHAN HOUNDS—ARISTOCRATS OF THE SHOW : Miss Sheila Heayn, with Mr. K. Edwards' dogs, Kasamena of Kasiro, Kasiro Lala of Carloway and Kilamena of Kasiro.

EMMA OF ASTON DOWNS AND PIPER OF GOLDICOTE, TWO CAVALIER KING CHARLES SPANIELS AT THE OLYMPIA SHOW : These charming animals, owned by Mrs. Wood, of Stratford-on-Avon, are seen arriving at Olympia complete in their winter woollies. The best-in-show competition was won by a Dalmatian.

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

By Sea to Sunshine

Some Suggested Winter-time Tours

By GORDON COOPER

MOST of the best things in travel are undesigned, for I have long discovered that romantic experiences never come to us ready-served, as it were, from even the most glamorous of publicity brochures or the most admirable of guide-books. And this outlook, I find, applies particularly to a voyage by sea, when the significant events that happen to us are seldom planned or expected. Only the other day, for instance, I made the six-hour journey on a small, primitive coastal boat from Funchal, in Madeira, to its quite dissimilar satellite, Porto Santo. Here I came on what is surely the finest beach in all the world—six miles of the most glorious golden sands; while in the near-by waters there is as excellent under-the-water fishing as anyone could wish for. Then, to add to the delight of the trip, I was fortunate enough to witness under the full moon that night a most curious regional dance, known as the *Meia Voita*. It took place on the beach and was the local form of entertainment. It was, indeed, quite a fantastic experience.

The next day I returned to Madeira, arriving in the lovely bay of Funchal at sunset—the most gorgeous sunset I have ever seen, with the whole of the mountainous amphitheatre behind the town diaphanously draped with a rosy mist, through which there twinkled, like glow-worms, a myriad of electric lights. At a quayside café I got chatting with a young Canadian who was sailing the next morning, alone, on his 5-ton yacht, for America; it was the last leg of a round-the-world voyage. Then, to end the evening, we took the bus to a small, humble inn near Camara de Lobos, where we ordered, at a cost of about 1s., the proprietor's special cocktail, said to be the most potent in Europe and containing no fewer then twenty-two ingredients, including a dash of pepper! In the company of the local fishermen, all wearing black Homburg hats, as is their custom, we discussed the strange state of the cosmos; and by the time I returned to my hotel I felt that the events of the past thirty-six hours were not the least interesting in my life.

But, note well, almost all the incidents I have just related were individual discoveries. They came on me unexpectedly and obliquely. For, as H. M. Tomlinson once wrote, "We are on more than one voyage at a time. We never know where Manoa may be. There are no fixed bearings for the City of Gold."

An insatiable curiosity is, of course, the most important item of mental luggage for any traveller, for lacking it, there can only be a grudging sense of disappointment in what one expects to find. In fact, anyone who thinks that the mere purchase of a steamship ticket will guarantee a happy holiday may well be disillusioned. Seaports usually are very much alike, the sun may not even shine, and yet, for the right person, there is always novel and variegated enchantment. Such an individual, indeed, is eager for the end of the rainbow until the very last day of the voyage.

My digression from the main purpose of this article, which concerns winter sunshine cruises, is, however, merited, if it drives home the fact that the fruits of travel are just what you yourself care to make of them. And it is by journeying on a freighter that you have the best opportunity of garnering their memories. For persons who are tied to dates, this kind of ship may possibly not be convenient, as it is seldom that you can be sure of fixed times either for departure or return, because cargo requirements naturally come first. Anyhow, here are some facts about current opportunities.

Quite recently, in Lisbon, I got talking with a Scottish couple who were meandering along the Portuguese coastal ports on a new German freighter (Neptune Line of Bremen). They were most satisfied, and a visit for lunch to their ship confirmed their favourable report. The cabins were large, the food good, the service excellent. With weekly sailings from Antwerp, the average duration of this particular trip is twenty-one to twenty-four days, and the inclusive fare from and to London 60 guineas. On board credit of £10 is allowed, and no "V" form is required. This same line also offer fortnightly sailings to East Spanish ports, sometimes the Balearic Islands, but always as freight requires. Duration about thirty-five days, the inclusive cost 85 guineas, while on board credit of £13 is allowed.

IRRIGATION IN MADEIRA: This system of the water channels has obtained in Madeira for centuries, and, in its usefulness to-day, bears testimony to the great skill of the local engineers.

In the Mediterranean, round voyages from and to Venice or Genoa are offered by the Italian Adriatica Line, which, incidentally, maintains a fixed schedule. In one case, with thrice-monthly departures, the round voyage averages fifteen to sixteen days, with calls at Piræus for Athens, Limasol-Cyprus, Haifa-Israel. Another service by the same line, and one which is very popular with Britons, takes a full twenty-eight days and costs only 126 guineas (London to London). Sailings are from Venice and calls are made at Brindisi, Piræus, Alexandria, Port Said, Beyrout, Famagusta, Iskerderun and Mersina, Izmir, Rhodes and Bari.

A newly-designed tour, which I think may well interest some readers, is that offered by "Oceanways" (49, St. Martin's Lane, London, W.C.2). It is to the Ægean and Mediterranean Isles of Greece. Travelling overland to Brindisi, the new Diesel ship *George Potamianos*, which runs on a weekly schedule, allows for a round trip of seven full days duration, affording ample time for visits ashore at Corfu (birthplace of the Duke of Edinburgh), Piræus (for Athens) and Candia, for the Palace of Minos at Knossos; while those who wish can have an additional six full days on the island of Corfu, by landing there on the homeward journey, continuing to Brindisi the following week. The use of this normal passenger vessel's schedule makes an extended holiday in a wonderful climate possible—I am repeating a cliché when I call Corfu the "Oriental Madeira," but it is applicable – with amazingly low expenditure of foreign currency.

Yugoslavia is becoming a popular tourist country to-day, and it is now possible to travel by new and comfortable Yugoslav freighters from and returning to London. The round trip takes about fifty days, calls being generally at Casablanca and/or Oran, Algiers, Sicilian ports and/or Levante and North-West Italian ports, Trieste, Rijeka (Fiume), where about ten days are usually spent, according to cargo needs. The inclusive cost—about £80—allows for comfortable hotel and meals at the delightful seaside resort of Abbazia, nine miles from Rijeka, otherwise the vessel is used for accommodation throughout the rest of the journey. A "V" form for 8 to 10 guineas is required, but on board credit of £13 is allowed for expenses incurred on the ship. The cuisine is adapted to British tastes, and the officers and stewards, it is claimed, speak "credible English." Altogether, this voyage represents excellent value and it can be recommended. Particulars about this line (Anglo-Yugoslav Shipping Company) can be obtained through any travel agent specialising in sea cruises. There are, of course, a wide range of sailings by British and Continental freighters in the Mediterranean area. It is even possible to journey by Swedish ships into the Black Sea, but as passengers are not allowed to land and as the stay at a Russian port may be over a week, such a voyage is rather like being in prison.

For those who seek the practically certain sunshine of the Canary Islands, there is the twelve-day round trip by the old-established Aznar Line (Spanish). Every fortnight one of their 9,000-ton vessels sails from London Bridge, calling at Las Palmas and Santa Cruz de Tenerife—at each port a couple of days are spent. Fares are very reasonable, being from £41 to £55, the higher price including a private bathroom. The food is typically Spanish, which I like, but others may not. While these ships carry sixty passengers, there is an alternate-week service by the same company with smaller boats, carrying only eleven passengers.

My last two recommendations would take you further afield: to the West Coast of Africa and to the Gulf of Mexico. In the former instance, round voyages between U.K. ports will bring you to such places as Dakar, Freetown, Port Boue, Takoradi, Accra, Cotonou, Lagos, Port Harcourt, Dula, and may include Monrovia, Calabar, Lome, Winneba, Sherborough, Matadi and Loanda—all spots are visited by British freighter (John Holt Line), occupy between three and four months, and the cost is £180-£190, which allows for staying on board at all ports of call. Informal Travels (7, Pembridge Square, London, W.2) can supply full particulars of this particular sea tour, also about the round voyage (seven to eight weeks duration) to the Gulf of Mexico by Dutch freighter (there are also sailings by British ships). The ports visited are usually New Orleans and/or Tampico in the U.S.A., Vera Cruz and/or Tampico, Mexico or Havana, Cuba. As usual, if travelling on a foreign ship, you can draw a certain sum without "V" form for expenses on board. In fact, under existing conditions for Britons, a sea tour is one of the few ways of having a reasonably long holiday outside of the country in the sunshine.

For those seeking further information about any sea tour, I would again stress the fact that it is strongly advisable to make enquiries from a specialist firm dealing with sea voyaging. I have already mentioned two such firms, and then there is always Cook's, who maintain a special shipping department.

LAKE PLITVICE, A YUGOSLAVIAN BEAUTY SPOT: Yugoslavia is becoming a popular tourist country these days, and is now very easily reached by sea. The round trip takes about fifty days.

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The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

MONSARRAT WRITES AGAIN

The Author of "The Cruel Sea" Tells Another Admirable Story of the Navy at War; and a Worthy Sequel to Don Camillo's Exploits

WHEN Mr. Nicholas Monsarrat takes a combination of a ship, a ship's company and a war-wracked sea, and weaves a story round them, it is no surprise to anyone that he produces an admirable piece of writing. Such is his story, now published by itself with fine illustrations by Mr. James Holland, of the 1,200-ton sloop torpedoed off Iceland in the last war, with a loss of more than half her officers and men, yet managing to stagger back 500 miles to port with her survivors and her indomitable captain. H.M.S. MARLBOROUGH WILL ENTER HARBOUR (Cassell. 12s. 6d.) is written in the same mood of emotion-without-heroics as *The Cruel Sea* and, in its briefer way, is just as effective.

DON CAMILLO AND THE PRODIGAL SON (Gollancz. 10s. 6d.) is a worthy sequel to the author's first book of Don Camillo's exploits which enchanted the sensible and touched even the bigoted. In the present book Signor Giovanni Guareschi shows us the parish priest again, with his prodigious strength, his good-tempered common sense and his unending discussions with his friendly enemy, the Communist mayor. When I say that it is as good a story as its predecessor, and as funny and moving, I don't think I can give it higher praise.

RECALLING THE MOST CONTROVERSIAL MURDER CASE OF THE CENTURY: Frederick Bywaters, Percy Thompson and Mrs. Thompson in the garden of the house at Ilford. The picture forms the frontispiece of Lewis Broad's *The Innocence of Edith Thompson* (Hutchinsons. 12s. 6d.), in which the author retells the dramatic and tragic case.

In her new and second novel, FAMILY TIES (Hogarth Press. 11s. 6d.), Miss Celia Buckmaster has one affectation of style in a jerky switch of tenses to the historic present from time to time, which has no effect except of archness, but apart from that I haven't a word to say against this witty, observant and kindly book, and many to say in its favour. Miss Buckmaster has chosen an English country village for her setting once more, and has given us a born writer's eye-view of some of the people who make up its life, in the "big house," the vicarage, the cottages and the pub. There are few enough characters to prevent them jostling each other into confusion; yet they fill the scene satisfyingly, each of them alive in some special sense that is acutely indicated by the author's gently satirical talent.

Mr. Michael Burn writes of Budapest after the war, and of a sensitive, intelligent woman who makes her way back there from a concentration camp, quietly courageous, friendly and self-effacing, and with the strength of mind to resist allegiance to any one political creed. The suffering she has endured through the war is not, apparently, enough. She must see her friends turning away from her because her liberal faith swings to none of their extremes, or because, being English, they are afraid that association with them will do her harm. In the end she disappears, possibly in death, possibly to another hideous camp or exile. THE MIDNIGHT DIARY (Hart-Davis. 12s. 6d.) is, in its cumulative effect, moving as such a narrative must be, but the reader sometimes has the feeling that this is a chapter of history, even a tract, rather than a novel. One thing, however, is certain, and that is that Mr. Burn writes with the warmest, the most active sympathy for all those people, detached but not indifferent, balanced but not equivocal, as typified by his heroine, who are enduring so bitter a time under a dictatorship.

STARLIGHT (Wingate. 10s. 6d.) takes the reader to a world that may once have been real, but which, at least in Mr. Terence Kennedy's rendering of it, seems as prettily artificial as a posy of wax flowers under glass. Two sisters are born in a poor Italian family. One, the more beautiful, goes with a scheming aunt to Monte Carlo, where the said aunt starts her on her spectacular career as a courtesan. The other, by her own efforts, starts on the career which is to bring her fame as a ballerina. In case the moral should not be obvious in the course of the story, Mr. Kennedy kills the pretty, naughty one off, and leaves the virtuous one to pursue her *battements* and *entrechats* in the complacent consciousness of virtue (and a nice little balance in the bank) being their own reward. Quite the best and most lively parts of this edifying tale are those which give technical details of the training of a ballet dancer.

CHARLOTTE'S WEB (Hamish Hamilton. 8s. 6d.) has no truck with reality at all, and takes a dim view of fantasy as well. It is as forthright, natural and supernatural a story as it is possible to imagine, and perhaps only readers of the same author's magical *Stuart Little* will appreciate what I mean. Mr. E. B. White, that same author, has written the story of a little girl called Fern, who lives on a farm in America, about a pig called Wilbur, who is quite a remarkable animal, a spider called Charlotte, and a sinister but perspicacious character called Templeton, a rat in every meaning of the word. The pictures, which marvellously further Mr. White's design, are by Garth Williams. I should add that the book, which is a "must" for your list, is a great deal too good for children, though they may try to grab it from their parents or from those friends who have reached the age of discernment.

Hebe Weenolsen has written about Hereward the Wake in a magnificent adventure story, for that is its main impact, THE LAST ENGLISHMAN (Heinemann. 15s.). From the moment when Hereward, returning from the Crusades, finds England at the mercy of the Normans, to his death in unequal combat, this book tells the tale of a man who was to become an English legend. After the Battle of Hastings there were only three courses open to Englishmen: they could submit to the rule of William the Conqueror; they could take their goods and families abroad, or they could attempt an organised resistance. Hereward was, in fact, the leader of the most efficient of these bands, and fought the Normans with a fierce and, eventually, a desperate courage.

THE FINANCIAL EXPERT (Methuen 12s. 6d.) is an enchanting novel by an Indian writer, Mr. R. K. Narayan, of whom Mr. Graham Greene writes in his introduction that all his comedies "have had the undertone of sadness. Their gentle irony and absence of condemnation remind us how difficult comedy is in the West to-day." The financial expert himself, "sad, ambitious, absurd," is perhaps the most engaging of all Mr. Narayan's characters, with the hidden poetry and the unrecognised pathos we often find in Tchehov's characters who on the last page vanish into life. I can echo Graham Greene's praise, and add my own recommendation to you to read this novel.

ISLE OF SINNERS (Verschoyle. 12s. 6d.) is a novel of Breton fisher-folk by M. Henri Queffelec, from which apparently a prize-winning film was made. I have not seen the film, but I read the book, which has been translated by Mr. James Whitall, with real pleasure for its evocations of that beautiful, dangerous coast, and those people, who are like no others in France.

Two of this week's detective stories are very distinguished. First of all, Mr. John Dickson Carr, with a story set in New York, in air transit and in London that may not actually freeze the marrow in your bones, but should at least give your spine that *frappé* feeling. THE NINE WRONG ANSWERS (Hamish Hamilton. 12s. 6d.) is unexpectedly long for a thriller, which is all to the good, and expectedly (if there is such a word) exciting. It is also the only story of an impersonation, with the exception of Mr. Oppenheim's masterpiece, which has not left me with a feeling of incredulity amounting to embarrassment, as with some social gaffe.

DO EVIL IN RETURN (Museum Press. 10s. 6d.) is a bloodthirsty piece by Mrs. Margaret Millar, an American writer who shows considerable talent for the thriller-chiller school of fiction, and whose characters, even the most criminal of them, are perfectly convincing. From the love-lorn but shrewd policeman to the southern belle with the intermittently pretty manners, all the people in this book are believable, even if there are few you would like to meet again. The setting is a small town on the Californian coast, the action is fast and often horrific, and the plot is as neatly constructed as a Swiss watch.

Focus on Britain, Clothes and People

Three further additions to two series of books edited by Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald and dealing with Britain are **LINCOLNSHIRE**, *by John Bygott, and* **BERKSHIRE** (*to be published on December 10*), *by Ian Yarrow, both in the series of County Books, and* **THE FOREST OF DEAN**, *one of the Regional Books, by F. W. Baty. Each book (published at* **18s.** *by* Robert Hale) *is profusely illustrated.*

THE CONCISE OXFORD ATLAS (Oxford University Press. **18s. 6d.**), *the General Editors of which are D. P. Bickmore and K. F. Cook, contains many new maps and gives special emphasis to Great Britain: the Gazetteer records* 40,000 *place names. The majority of the maps are politically coloured and the publication is a supplement to the "Oxford Atlas."*

Two other books which deal with the same subject are **CLOTHES** (Burke. **21s.**), *by James Laver, the fifth volume in the Pleasures of Life Series, and* **THE HANDBOOK OF ENGLISH MEDIÆVAL COSTUME** (Faber. **30s.**), *by C. Willett and Phillis Cunnington. In the former book there are several reprints, some in colour, from old Masters, and in the latter eighty pages of line drawings by Barbara Phillipson, of which four are in colour.*

The story of Dickens and Dickensian Plays and Players from **1836** *to this Television Era is told by F. Dubrez Fawcett in* **DICKENS THE DRAMATIST ON STAGE, SCREEN AND RADIO.** (Allen. **21s.**)

THE ELIZABETHAN WOMAN (Cleaver-Hume. **30s.**), *by Carroll Camden, is a panorama of English womanhood between* **1540-1640.** *The illustrations in this Book Society recommendation are from contemporary woodcuts and paintings, while the complete index and notes facilitate reference to particular subjects and persons.*

In the **1953** *edition of* **THE HORSEMAN'S YEAR** (Collins. **15s.**), *edited by Lieut.-Colonel W. E. Lyon, the articles are each written by a well-known authority and are amply illustrated with some of the most prominent sporting photographs of the past year*

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

A Selection for Children of All Ages

It is the beginning of December; snow lies thick on the village, carol-singing has begun and so has Christmas shopping. In THE DAYS BEFORE CHRISTMAS (Hamish Hamilton. 2s. 6d.) the young reader has a novel card portraying a snow-covered village and adorned with twenty-five windows and doors which, when opened and held up to the light, provides a delightful picture. The card, designed by Fritz Wegner, is supplied in an envelope. This idea, new to many English children, is a worthy introduction to this year's collection of children's books presented for Christmas reading, and as ever, they are legion. Here are some samples, divided into several categories.

For the Younger Children

For the first time since the war there are several new Dean's Rag Books back on the market for British readers. The smaller size books retail at 2s. each and the larger size 3s. No. 4 of the Pop-up Action books is the complete story of RUDOLPH THE RED-NOSED REINDEER (Publicity Products. 5s.), by Robert L. May, with illustrations by Marion Guild. Babar is with us again this Christmas in the form of BABAR'S VISIT TO BIRD ISLAND (Methuen. 15s.). The story in words and pictures is told by Laurent de Brunhoff. HIGHLAND BUMBLE (Collins. 7s. 6d.), written and illustrated by Magdalen Eldon, is another story of the half-Chinese and half-Scottish Pekinese, and the Macmouses. This time they are joined by Mr. Wellington Bootes, a baby dragon. THE LITTLE HORSE BUS (Max Parrish. 8s. 6d.), by Graham Greene, with drawings by Dorothy Craigie, is a companion to *The Little Fire Engine*, while HARE AND THE EASTER EGGS (Collins. 4s.), by Alison Uttley, with drawings by Margaret Tempest, is No. 17 in the series of Little Grey Rabbit Books. Two other books are THE HELEN HAYWOOD CHRISTMAS BOOK (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.) and EBENEZER THE BIG BALLOON (Faber. 8s. 6d.), by Diana Ross, with illustrations by Leslie Wood.

Illustrated Books for the 8-11-Year-Olds . . .

THE B.B.C. CHILDREN'S HOUR ANNUAL (Burke. 9s. 6d.), edited by May E. Jenkin (Elizabeth), is also suitable for those a little older. The story of JOHN AND JENNIFER GO TRAVELLING (Nelson. 6s.), devised and illustrated by Gee Denes, is told by Elsie M. Harris and designed by Q. Durow. In the GOLDEN BOOK OF CHILDREN'S HYMNS (Blandford Press. 7s. 6d.), the musical editor of which is Harold T. Scull, Treyer Evans has drawn and painted several sketches to illustrate the twenty-six hymns. NELLIE COME HOME (Faber. 12s. 6d.) is Rowland Emett's version of a very remarkable railway engine's visit to America. A CHILD'S BOOK OF DOGS (Publicity Products. 2s.), one of the Florin Colour Books, by Luis M. Henderson, and THE DUCK (Harvill Press. 10s. 6d.), with photographs by Ylla and a story by Margaret Wise Brown, would also appeal to those a little younger. The last book in this series is MADELINE (Derek Verschoyle. 12s. 6d.), and Ludwig Bemelmans' story and pictures of a visit to Paris should interest many.

. . . And Some Story Books for the same Age Group

STORIES FOR JANE (Faber. 7s. 6d.), by Catherine Storr, is illustrated by Peggy Jeremy. Listeners to Children's Hour will remember *The Adventures of Merlad*, which was an adaptation of Judith Masefield's THE MARVELLOUS MERLAD (Collins. 8s. 6d.). The illustrations are by Shirley Hughes. SO HI AND THE WHITE HORSE OF FU (James Barrie. 8s. 6d.), illustrated by John Ward, is Cynon Beaton-Jones's new book. Lucien Lowen has illustrated Sheila Kaye-Smith's book about children entitled THE CHILDREN'S SUMMER (Cassell. 9s. 6d.), while MRS. MACNAB AND THE PIRATES (Bles. 7s. 6d.), by J. G. Lockhart, with illustrations by Astrid Walford, is all about a voyage to Australia and trouble with pirates. Betty Macdonald, the author of *The Egg and I*, has written another children's book entitled NANCY AND PLUM (Hammond. 6s.). Each new chapter is headed by an illustration by Felicity Ashbee. The setting for TORRY THE ROE DEER (Falcon Press. 10s.), by Cecilia Knowles, with several colour illustrations by Leslie Atkinson, is in Scotland. A bigger book in this category, which should also appeal to other children, is "B.B.'S" THE WIND IN THE WOOD (Hollis and Carter. 18s.), a collection of stories illustrated by D. J. Watkins-Pitchford, and for those who know Switzerland there is a story with a Swiss setting entitled UNDER THE MOUNTAIN (Cassell. 7s. 6d.), by Katherine Oldmeadow. Finally there is BILLY BUNTER'S BEANFEAST (Cassell. 7s. 6d.), by Frank Richards, with illustrations by R. J. Macdonald.

Five Books For the "Grown-Up" Children

Two good stories, published at 8/6 by Collins, are HIDDEN IN A DREAM, by Monica Edwards, and SARACEN'S TOWER, by Ralph Hammond. The third PONY CLUB ANNUAL (Naldrett Press. 12s. 6d.), with photographs by Gabor Denes, will interest all lovers of horses, while THE WONDER BOOK OF AIRCRAFT (Ward Lock. 12s. 6d.) will absorb the attentions of all young aeronautical enthusiasts. To finish on a graceful note there is BALLET FOR BOYS AND GIRLS, by Hugh Fisher, a Junior Teach Yourself Book.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS FOR OUR READERS

THE SMALLER ENGLISH HOUSE
1500–1939
Reginald Turnor

"This delightful book is concerned with the evolution of the middle-class house. Illustrated with many excellent photographs, it is of the sort that will get little chance to gather dust in the bookcase."
—*Economist*

With 190 photographs 42s.

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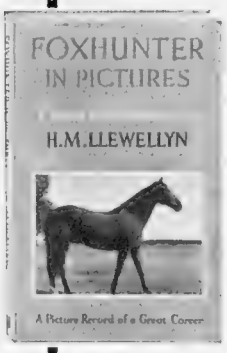

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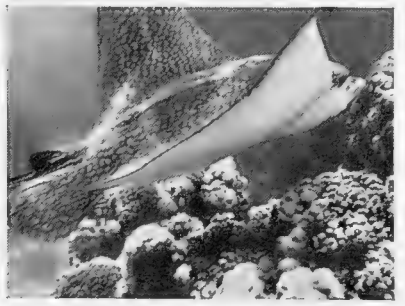

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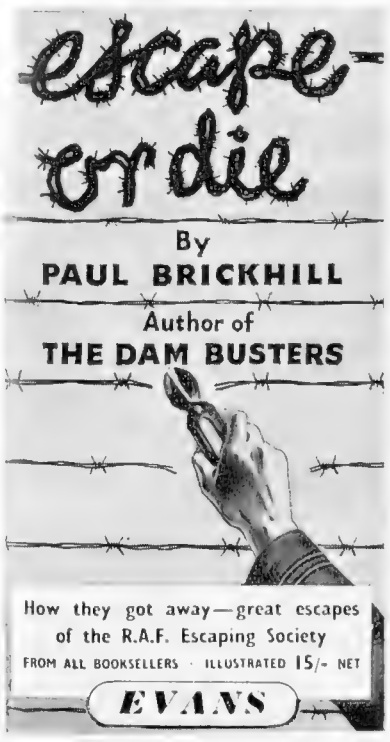

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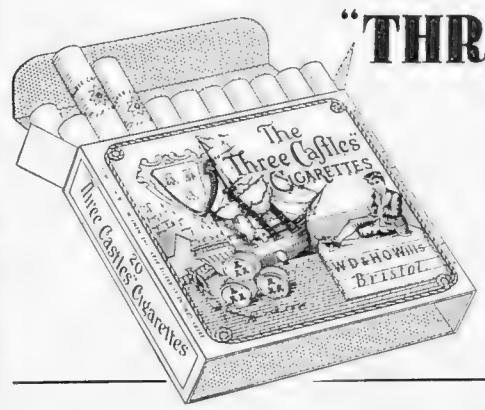

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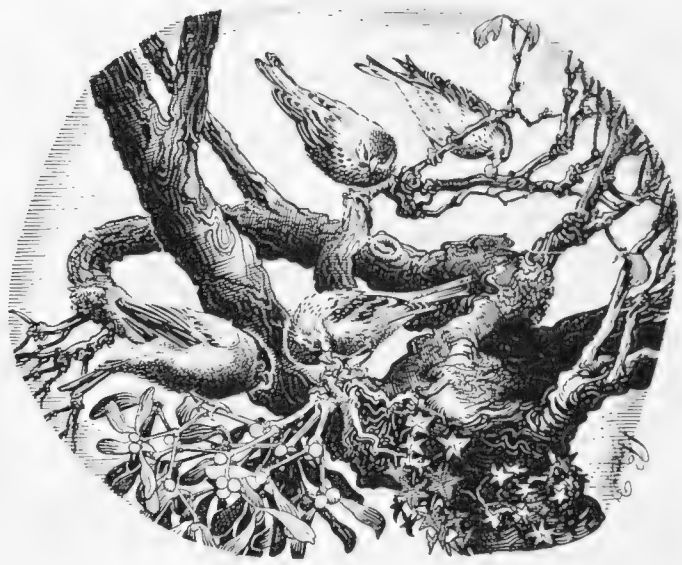

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